

The Improvement

ERA

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RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED

Has the Desert Failed to
Blossom?

By
DR. J. H. PAUL



Current Poetry



As a Native East Indian
Views the Situation

By
DALJIT SINGH SADHARIA



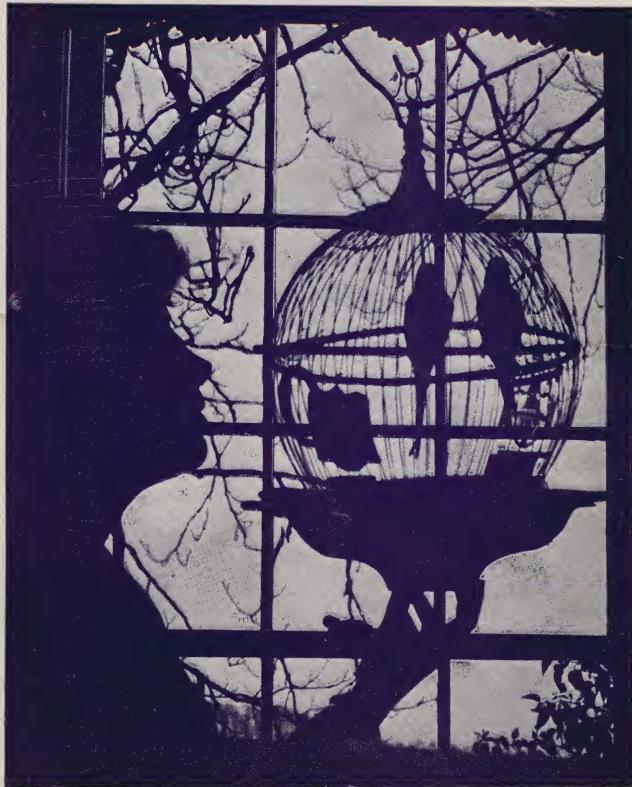
Facing Life

By
DR. ADAM S. BENNION



Do We Pay?

By
ROBINSON L. HAND



A BREATH OF SPRING

A RECIPE FOR HEALTH



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FORECAST

ELDER MELVIN J. BAL-LARD, who, as is well known, opened the South American mission, is furnishing *Era* readers with an article on the meaning of the revolutions with which the southern republics have been afflicted. Watch for it in the April number.



ATTENTION has already been called to the series, "Facing Life," by Dr. Adam S. Bennion. However, the articles he is preparing can not be stressed too much. If you have not yet read the first of the series in the February issue, turn back to it. Having read it you will read all that follow.



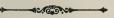
G LANCING THROUGH," to be given space in the next issue, is the heading of a new department which is sure to meet with hearty approval. Timely articles from leading magazines will be considered and comments made thereon.



AN East Indian's view of "Mormonism" is the title of an article handed us by Daljit Singh Sadharia, author of an interesting account of conditions in India which appears in this number. The opinion of a man on the outside looking in frequently is more valuable than that of one on the inside. Mr. Sadharia is a voracious reader and a hard student and his "view" of us will prove interesting.



PART 2 of Dr. J. H. Paul's "Has the Desert Failed to Bloom?" will appear in April. Experience and training fit this author to treat the subject of western writers and thinkers in an intelligent and comprehensive manner.



A MISSIONARY in France, John Russell Talmage, sends us a beautiful little story, "A Gift from God," which will be presented to our readers next month.

The Improvement ERA

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Chairmen Era and Publicity

Organ of the Priesthood Quorums, the Mutual Improvement Associations and the Department of Education of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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The Touch Stone

Eleven stakes, Kolob, Curlew, Fremont, Lyman, Maricopa, Bear Lake, Boise, Minidoka, Timpanogas, Kanab, and Taylor reported 100% of their Era quota during the month of January. Outstanding reports were also received from Grant, Liberty, Granite, Ensign, St. Johns, Snowflake, Los Angeles, Utah, Salt Lake, Uintah, Garfield, and Young. During January the Grant stake sent in the largest number of subscriptions, while the Maricopa stake attained the largest increase in the percentage of its quota.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE, the Indian poet, tells the following story: "A wandering madman was seeking the touch-stone, with matted locks, tawny and dust-laden, and body worn to a shadow, his lips tight-pressed like the shut-up doors of his heart, his burning eyes like the lamp of a glow-worm seeking its mate.



AUSTIN P. MILLER
Y. M. M. I. A. *Era* Director
Grant Stake



HARRIET KALMAR
Y. L. M. I. A. *Era* Director
Grant Stake

"Before him the endless ocean roared; the garrulous waves carelessly talking of hidden treasures, mocking the ignorance that knew not their meaning.

"Maybe he now had no hope remaining, yet he would not rest, for search had become his life—just as the ocean forever lifts its arms to the sky for the unattainable—just as the stars go in circles, yet seeking a goal that can never be reached. Even so on the lonely shore the madman, with dusty, tawny locks, still roamed in search of the touch-stone.

"One day a village boy came up and asked, 'Tell me, where did you come at that golden chain about your neck?'

"The madman started—the chain that once was iron was verily gold; it was not a dream, but he did not know where it had changed.

"He struck his head wildly—where, oh where, had he, without knowing it, achieved success?

"It had grown into a habit to pick up pebbles and touch the chain and throw them away without looking to see if a change had



NEOMA BRIMHALL
Y. L. M. I. A. *Era* Director
Maricopa Stake

come; thus the madman found and lost the touch-stone.

"The sun was sinking low in the West; the sky was of gold. The madman turned on his footsteps to seek anew the lost treasure, with his strength gone, his body bent and his heart in the dust, like a tree uprooted."

The following letter has just been received from H. Alvah Fitzgerald, principal of the Shelley Stake Seminary:

"During the quiet of this Saturday evening, I have been reading the February *Era*. It has been an hour rich in thought and feeling, as I lived in fellowship with President Heber J. Grant, Adam S. Benning, Kenyon Wade, the Editors, and others through the pages of the *Era*. May I venture the thought that thousands of people have been motivated to better and more useful lives by reading the February *Era*."

President Barton of the Franklin Stake writes:

"It is my great pleasure to report to you that the Preston Second Ward has now reported that they are over the top in subscriptions to the *Era*, and that these, or the last of them, are being sent in today. This makes all of the wards of Franklin Stake over the top, and it surely makes us feel that we have succeeded in at least one thing. We hope that many more will subscribe."

A TESTIMONY of the Gospel is the touch-stone to a Latter-day Saint. It turns everything to gold. "It is better," the Lord says, "to save one's soul than to gain the whole world, for what can a man give in exchange for his soul!" The reading of the *Era* will insure a testimony for us and for our children. Let us do everything possible to put it in the home of every Latter-day Saint.



DELBERT L. STAPLEY
Y. M. M. I. A. *Era* Director
Maricopa Stake

EDITORIAL

Hugh J. Cannon
Managing Editor



Heber J. Grant, Editor

Elsie Talmage Brandley
Associate Editor

The Land of Castes and Outcasts

WHAT intelligent person has not longed to see India? India, with her enormous population, decimated so frequently by terrible epidemics, and just now in the throes of a bloodless revolution of "civil disobedience;" her incomparable Taj Mahal and other world-renowned structures, which someone has said were "built by giants and finished by jewelers," and which gifted writers and speakers vainly have tried to describe; her holy river in which one can bathe, according to popular belief, and receive a remission of sins, and which insures eternal peace to him whose body is cast into its waters after death; her sacred cows, which often lie undisturbed on the sidewalks in front of busy banks and other business houses; her sleeping cars in which the traveler must provide his own bedding and make his own bed, or have his servant do it for him; her monsoons, so often responsible by their absence for India's frequent and desolating famines; her mysticism; her culture; her castes and outcasts, where it is considered a disgrace for a person to do anything which does not pertain to his position, and where even the servants of one class have servants of a lower order to perform all tasks for them which are considered beneath their dignity; her poverty, to think of which causes the sympathetic soul to shudder and the extent of which can not be comprehended by those who live in the western hemisphere!

One globe-trotter advises the prospective traveler to see China and Japan, America and Europe, even the Holy Land, if he will, but by all means to go to India. At the conclusion of his visit there, according to this man's judgment, he can write "Finis" at the bottom of the page of travel. In this final chapter of sight-seeing, he will have taken in all that is worth while in the world. Although that statement is considerably exaggerated, every reader knows enough of the country to have awakened within him a desire to see it. Just now such a visit behind the scenes would be particularly interesting, for at this moment India has the center of the stage and offers an absorbing drama, not unmixed with tragedy, to her audience—the entire civilized world.

Elsewhere in this issue is an article giving the viewpoint of an intelligent East Indian on the chaotic conditions which prevail in his native land. It is not to be expected that his view coincides wholly with that of every Englishman. But even in Great Britain one finds such a wide difference of opinion that the unbiased observer recognizes in this situation a moot question deserving of careful study.

In the House of Commons recently, as reported by the Associated Press, Premier Ramsey MacDonald, in measured and solemn tones, made this statement:

"Unless Great Britain is willing to continue peaceful negotiations for a settlement of the Indian problem, British soldiers must be marched from the Himalayas to Cape Cormorin to subdue, by force, not only India's massed millions, but also the spirit of the times.

"A refusal to approve the principles accepted by the round table conference will provide a spectacle which will bring our name and fame very low indeed; while a continuance of the negotiations will bind India to Great Britain by bonds of confidence."

On the other hand, Mr. Winston Churchill, while assuring his hearers that he was expressing his own personal views and not those of the Conservative party, declared that the Government's plan, "accompanied by a host of important reservations," was an unwise policy, which would involve the nation in serious dangers. He concludes with these words:

"How will the British nation feel about this? I am told that they will not care. They are too occupied with taxation and unemployment and absorbed in sport and crime."

Almost at the moment this discussion was going on in England, Mahatma Gandhi, the frail nationalist leader, who, through love of his countrymen has made of himself the storm, center of the problem, was being released from a prison in Poona, an inland city of India about one hundred miles from Bombay. The order for his release was issued by the Governor-general and was unconditional, as was also that of the working committee of the all-India national congress, but it did not extend to many thousands of other political prisoners. Gandhi's words as he left the penitentiary are typical of the character of this strange man who must be admired for his unselfish heroism and devotion, whatever one thinks of his judgment.

"I expect to be back here within two months," he said ominously. "I am not at all happy at the thought of entering again the whirlpool of life in the outside world with its strife, suffering, sorrow, and sordidness. I can not bear the thought of enjoying my individual liberty while tens of thousands of my brothers and sisters remain in jail."

Gandhi's giving of himself to the cause has won the reverence of his countrymen, thousands of whom flocked to see him after his recent incarceration. To touch his body, as he sat naked except for a coarse loin cloth, was considered a great honor; and in the crush resulting from their eagerness to approach him one woman was trampled to death and many people were more or less seriously injured. He loves his people with all his intense nature and beautifully illustrates the truth of the old saying that love begets love.—H. J. C.

Loveliness for All

OF what does art consist? And how is it made manifest? Art is the result of man's attempt to give form to his thoughts, aspirations, hopes and fears. It is the proof of the reaching out of the human spirit for truth and beauty. Every human being normally is made up of many different qualities—mental, emotional and spiritual—the seeking after truth, which takes the forms of religion and art. Bliss Carman has expressed this thought simply and beautifully with an illustration.

One plus one equals two—that is a mathematical fact, reached through mental channels. One man and one man make two men—still mathematical, but the fact that men instead of abstract numbers are named puts into the statement a human element. The two men, a sailor and a hunter, having been away, have come home. Emotional imagery here begins to be felt, although the statement is ordinary. But the immortal lines—"Home is the sailor, home from the sea, and the hunter home from the hill"—put together truth and beauty of expression—and this is art. Any form of expression, any industry, may become a fine art if the workman is given freedom and has vision—another word for genius. Work of any kind is drudgery or joy according to the amount of beauty the workman is capable of putting into it, and when it becomes joy, art enters into it, for it is an expression of high purpose.

Some forms of art are permanent, requiring tangible materials for their embodiment. These are such as architecture, painting, and sculpture, and, when they are produced, they remain in the form the artist made them, barring accidents which cause mutilation or destruction. Cathedrals, murals, old masters hung in galleries and figures carved by hands long still, remain, monuments to the artist who created them. The Mona Lisa smile does not change with the years, nor the Laocoön become less vivid. Westminster Abbey retains its stately walls through the centuries, for the artists who made these things put them into a material which will and does endure. There are other forms of art which are as ephemeral as the impulse and power which produced them. Music, dancing, and acting perish with their own flame, except as they can be preserved in memory and reproduced by imitation. The mechanics of writing, printing, photography, and now sound recording, make possible the transmitting of the artists' ideas—and without them the classics of the world, the poetry, music, drama, literature—would die with their creators. Who shall say that the mastery of mechanics which makes possible the preservation of beauty is less fine than the production itself. It is impossible to guess how many glorious melodies have lived and died under the hand of a master-musician, for lack of a pencil with which to capture it; how many singing lines of poetry have sung themselves out into space, unheard by any but the one by whom they were created; how much rhythm of the dance has come into silent being and gone again, quickly and silently—and so we must class those who produce the means and materials for holding these things for others as creative artists, in a sense.

And those who interpret—they too become artists. Fine arts are lovely in themselves, and indicate the

presence of something greater than they are—an instinct for truth and beauty, but only through the interpretation of others who feel the truth and recreate the beauty, can the product of the artist remain artistic. Is a poem beautiful, read by one who cannot read meaning into it? Is a dance beautiful, if the rhythm of motion is ignored? Can a musical masterpiece inspire, as it did originally, played by one to whom the technique of musicianship is a mystery? The artist himself must create, and his work is a message, but every listener and observer must adjust the message to his needs and understanding, and in doing so he becomes something of an artist too, in a re-creative sense. Someone has said, "Happy is he who has been taught to preach beauty with his hands"—and might have added, "Happy also is he who has learned to read the beauty preached by others." There is nothing exclusive nor mysterious in art—in books, painting, music—any more than there is ownership of snow, of trees, of sunsets. In art, the creator first dreams, and his mastery makes possible the realization of the dream. In art appreciation there is the desire to understand, and the study which brings understanding. The love of beauty comes with constant seeking—first recognizing quiet, everyday beauties—soft lights and gray veils of shadow; the poetry of motion and of manner; the music of birds and of the human voice. Life itself is an artist and a teacher; and one who learns to know and love its creations, will easily learn to know and love the creations of those whom life has especially blessed to create. One who sees in an old garden a wealth of old dreams, of golden moments, of sunny hours spent in fragrant happiness, will see in a canvas the soul back of the pigment; the truth deeper than the paint. No one can fail to be happy who loves books, music, and color. And to create happiness for oneself and others is an art.

An Oriental myth declares that at the last day every artist will be called upon to endow each of his creations with a soul, and every creative artist will feel this to be possible, for to him it has already a soul. How important it is, then, that now, before that last day shall come, all of us who live in a world where the creations of art are to be seen and heard on every hand shall learn to see something of the soul hidden beneath the sound and color and motion which we call art. "It takes three to make music—the composer, the performer and the listener" is a quotation often heard, but the relative importance of the three cannot be estimated adequately. It is given to very few to create, and that power is a gift in a double sense—a gift to the artist which expresses itself in gifts to others. And to those who give freely of the God-given talent, leaving in their wake the loveliness without which the world would be less colorful, there should in turn be given understanding and appreciation.

To love the pictures, the music, the poetry with which we are surrounded is to increase within us the joy of living, the gladnessomeness of earth. Everyday beauty felt by many, will unify the whole earth with simplicity and peace—a phase of religion which will help to bring us all into kinship and sympathy.

—E. T. B.

Has the Desert Failed to Blossom?

Does Utah Lack Writers,
Artists, Musicians, Thinkers?

By J. H. PAUL

University of Utah



Part 1. What the Output Indicates

THE very question may arouse laughter and derision. Statistics have been the usual answer of Utah people to criticisms of this nature; and some twelve years ago the writer had occasion to refute a charge that this State is niggardly toward public education. It was shown that our school expenditures per capita of population and in proportion to per capita wealth exceed those of any other State in the Union; while national aid to Utah for school and educational purposes was less than the grants to any other State. These facts, and similar ones, come up when Utah is challenged to give an account of her intellectual status; but they refer only to mass results, in which Utah undoubtedly stands high, for most of her children are in school, with a high percentage in university and college.

In the present instance these facts do not suffice; for the challenge is that results have not been produced—that real ability in the arts of civilization has not been disclosed from this commonwealth. Utah, say H. L. Mencken and Bernard DeVoto, is a land devoid of literature, music, art—not hav-



MASSASOIT
Designed by C. E. Dallin

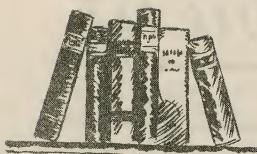
ing produced even "a critic, or educator, or editor, or publicist."

What is the answer to this indictment? If the charge is true, Utah should repent; if false, the error of these critics should be pointed out.

To reply when criticised is not the way of artists. Their work speaks for them. If it does not, then nothing they can say by way of argument will atone for the deficiency. In a case like this it is for those who are not artists to comment; and, their discussion, like a landsman's opinion of faults in a ship, may be fruitful of improvements. The artist may be so immersed in his work that he fails to realize certain aspects of it. A detachment not too remote may be an aid to discernment. What follows is the view of a mere observer, who "hardly dares to scribble, or such a subject touch."

Certain Minor Writers

HAS Utah no literature? Those who imagine that no poets have come out of this community surely have not seen the work of Sarah Carmichael Williams, a Utah girl for much of her life. She wrote "The Feast of Lucretia Borgia," a dramatic poem of merit; also "The Birth of Gold,"



which Bryant includes in his collection of the best poetry; and "Amputated," which is one of the most stirring patriotic fragments that has ever come to the writer's notice. And we have numerous other women who write creditable verse in addition to rearing their children. Several of our men are writing strong stories.

"Mormon" hymnology (see poems by Eliza R. Snow, John Jaques, W. W. Phelps, and others) compares favorably with Christian hymns, though the latter are the product of 2,000 years of trial, whereas the "Mormon" output is limited to a single century.

A Major Poet?

WHETHER or not we have major poets in Utah will depend largely on our conception, our definition, our appreciation, of poetry. Few, I fancy, will discover much poetry in Young's "Night Thoughts," not because it is deficient in poetic power but because it consists of reflections on life, death, immortality—topics that have rarely been enjoyed by any but those who have suffered just such reverses and disappointments as the author himself underwent. Yet this work, sombre and gloomy, portrays in stately diction the grandeur of nature and the sublimity of the divine attributes; while its incisive arguments against sin and unbelief make a profound impression upon religious thinkers. Thus:

Poetry of Religion

We waste not use our time; we breathe, not live;
Time wasted is existence; used, is life;
And bare existence man, to live ordained,
Wrings and oppresses with enormous weight.

Here the very meaning is obscure to all but language analysts, who perceive that "man" is the grammatical object of the verbs "wrings and oppresses." Popular literature must be understandable at glance. Again:

Be wise today; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on till wisdom is pushed out of life.

Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals till all are fled,
The vast concern of an eternal scene.

Now, this is poetry; but how many are there that enjoy deep reasoning and philosophy in poetic garb? Consider a similar passage from O. F. Whitney, a Utah poet:



SEAGULL MONUMENT
Designed by M. M. Young

Elijah comes—Elijah, he whose rays
Bespeak the Lord of Glory, from whose
light
All splendors, paling, hide their tapers
dim.
He comes the world to reap, the vineyard
prune,
The wheat to garner and the tares to
burn;
He comes, his face a furnace, melting
pride,
Consuming wickedness, and cleansing
earth.
He comes the hearts of sons and sires to
turn.
To plant anew the promises of old,
Binding the present to the parent past.
Part unto whole, time to eternity.

—From "Elias," Canto V.

One who does not know his

Bible, or who is unfamiliar with the ideas set forth in these lines, will be unable to perceive their literary rank, though they are as truly poetic as the wonderful lines of the Russian poet Dershavin in his "Address to Deity."

Poetry of Nature

TURNING to another type of poetry—the rhymed description of nature—we find in Byron's "Childe Harold" stanzas that have been almost universally admired and commended:

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form

Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or
storm,

Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving, boundless, endless, and sub-
lime!

The image of eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible; even from thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made;
each zone
obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread,
fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my
joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast
to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward. From
a boy

I wanted in thy breakers; they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing
fear;

For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane, as
I do here.

The critics are at one in holding
that this is noble poetry. Consider, then, from "The Soul of Song" in Whitney's "Elias" the opening stanzas of Canto II:

Here let me linger, O my native hills,
Watchful and solemn warders o'er the
waste;
With what a joy the bounding bosom
thrills,
Whose steps, aspiring, mar your sum-
mits chaste!
Vain, language—richest robes and rarest
taste.



How clothe description in befitting dress,
When halts imagination's winged haste,
Wrap in mute wonder's conscious littleness,
Where loom the cloud-crowned monarchs of the wilderness?

Where o'er I roam, and still have loved to roam,
From childhood's rose-hued, scarce-remembered day,
And found my pensive soul's congenial home
Far from the depths where human passions play.
Born at their feet, my own have learned to stray
Familiar o'er these pathless heights, and feel,
As now, the mind assume a loftier sway,
Soaring for themes that o'er its summits steal,
Beyond all thought to reach, all utterance to reveal.

One may, of course, maintain that neither of these is poetry; but can any one consistently hold that Byron's verses do, while Whitney's do not, flame with poetic beauty and mount to poetic grandeur? Moreover, many a poet has written of the ocean; it is a theme that invites flights of fancy. Few, however, have succeeded with mountains—a fact that renders Whitney's stirring lines the more noteworthy.

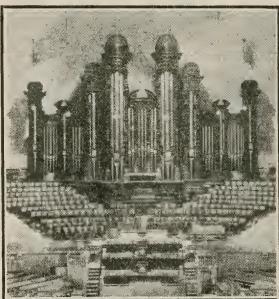
Dramatic Art

THE stage is not specifically named in the indictment against Utah. Nevertheless it cannot well be excluded and should therefore be included. Strange that our critics never heard of Maude Adams, Hazel Dawn (Hazel Tout), Margie Dwyer, Pollock the play writer, Royle, author of *The Squaw Man*.

It is of record that great plays were produced in Utah from the earliest times. Actors of worldwide fame tell of the regard they have for Utah because of the cordial welcome and discriminating appreciation accorded them here. The actor's best asset is his audience; and if the people of Utah had been deficient in the ability to recognize good acting when they saw it, these personages of world fame could not have remembered them with the genuine pleasure to which so many of them bear witness. The writer is informed that Utah is well represented in the actor population of Hollywood.

It has not fallen to the writer to deal much with works of fiction put forth by Utah people. Among

those that have come to his notice and that he regards as notable, are: *The Comstock Lode*, by C. C. Goodwin; *John Stevens's Courtship*, by Susa Young Gates; and *Wild Roses*, by Howard R. Driggs. Others he has heard favorably commented upon but has not had the opportunity to read.



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One of the largest and probably the most famous of pipe organs in the world

A Remark About Artists

CONCERNING artists, an opinion may be worth nothing from one whose only qualification for comment is admiration for their work. Yet, it seems to the writer, the sweeping statement that Utah has no artists should not have been made by any one, when inquiry could have ascertained that there are between 35 and 50 Utah artists whose work is being shown in exhibits held twice a month in Salt Lake City, and that 27 of the schools of Utah maintain art exhibits of their own. In the last ten years there have been 139 such exhibitions. Pupils are taught underlying principles; and as far as the writer can learn, there is perhaps no other State that is doing more to advance among its people a knowledge of art. So, too, if those who make the charge that Utah produces no artists had ever heard of C. E. Dallin of Boston, Avard Fairbanks of Ann Arbor, or Mahonri Young of New York, he would perhaps have realized that the atmosphere of Utah is not unfavorable to artistic development. The painters whose work is at all known to the writer were of earlier times, and while it appeared to compare favorably with contemporary American production, it

was the output of men who had to work at something else for daily bread. One can hardly be an artist of world renown and be anything else. Art, said to be a jealous mistress, brooks no rivals; and in poor communities works of art have few chances of profitable sale.

Concerning Musicians

WITH music also, it is the writer's conviction that Utah fares well. Certain critics have said that the work of several of her composers, notably that of Stephens and Shepherd, is suggestive of the masters. The hymns of Careless have the classical tone; those of Fones, Smyth, and others are said to be deeply harmonic; while so many persons in this State are notable in rendition and interpretation, that space forbids the enumeration. Moreover, the writer would hesitate to name some rather than others, or to record an opinion of the work of those of whom he has slight knowledge. As to Stephens, several of his compositions, to my untrained apprehension, suggest the beauty of Foster's work. "By the Brooklet," a duet never published, is one of these; while it would not be surprising, at least to the writer and many other listeners, if his recent religious oratorios should be found to rank with world-famous productions. Shepherd's work is beyond most of us and we have listened to but little of it; yet from what we hear we do not doubt that it ranks high.

Community music flourishes in Utah. Each church has its choir and soloists; and the entire congregation also sings—a feature most distinctive, perhaps, of musical culture in this State. General participation in all kinds of public programs is usual, so that culture is widely diffused. Sunday Schools and young people's meetings are participated in by people of all ages, and the practice of public speaking is said to be far more general here than elsewhere.

Science and History

SCIENCE and history are not usually considered literature; yet we may suppose that they are included in the view of our critics. Early in Utah history Orson Pratt was distinguished as an astrono-

mer, Barfoot as a naturalist, Tulidge as a historian. John R. Park and Karl G. Maeser are celebrated among early educators. Later, Penrose and Goodwin stood out as able editors, the former reminding of Charles A. Dana, the latter of Henry Watterson. Able public speakers have never been rare here. In our day Roberts, in his "History of the Church," may have rivaled Gibbon; and Levi Edgar Young's contributions are notable. Harvey Fletcher, physicist; R. V. Chamberlain, zoologist; Franklin S. Harris, biologist; Fred J. Pack, geologist; A. O. Treganza, ornithologist; Alfred Rordame, astronomer—these are among the names that come to mind as we think of scientific investigators of our day, working out problems in their respective fields and contributing to scientific knowledge.

As to publicists, of which Mr. DeVoto says Utah has produced none, did he never hear of George Q. Cannon, Joseph L. Rawlins, Reed Smoot, William H. Kaing, George Sutherland, Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, J. Reuben Clark, ambassador to Mexico, and others? Each of these, highly regarded in the halls of Congress, is nationally and internationally known and respected.

Medicine and surgery have flourished in Utah from the days of the colonists. The profession at present ranks high, receiving the encomiums of specialists over the whole country. So does the profession of teaching. Men and women, formerly of Utah, are prominent in education and other positions in many states of the Union and in offices of the federal government. It was once the writer's privilege to show through the University Training School a visiting delegation of educational experts from Uruguay, who had spent a year at Columbia and other American universities. Without any invitation to do so, they pronounced the Stewart School one of the best, if not the best, they had visited on the continent.

Theology, Bible Study, Biography

THE disadvantage that attaches to works of a religious nature (the *theologicum odium* of the Middle Ages) persists from early times. No matter what an author

produces by way of defense of the church or in way of exposition of doctrine, even though it may possess high merit, it is looked upon with suspicion and usually discounted by literary critics. A considerable number of works of this kind, designed chiefly as textbooks, have been produced in Utah. Roberts, Whitney, Talmage, Nelson, Dalby, Widtsoe, McKay, and others have set forth scholarly materials of this nature, each book showing evidences of research. Notably among these is the *Commentary on the Doctrine and Covenants*, by Hyrum M. Smith, and J. M. Sjodahl, and *An Introduction to the Study of the Book of Mormon*, by Sjodahl; *The Vitality of Mormonism*, and other works, by James E. Talmage.

Biographies are not lacking. To the writer the most outstanding of these are *The Life Story of Brigham Young*, by Susa Young Gates and *The Autobiography of Parley P. Pratt*, edited by Parley P. Pratt, Jr. Several able works on the history of the "Mormon Battalion" have been published, (Tyler, Golder). *The White Indian Boy*, by Howard R. Driggs gives a good

picture of life among the Shoshones. *Hidden Heroes of the Rockies*, by Russell and Driggs, possesses literary merit besides giving evidence of painstaking research.

Referring again to *The Life Story of Brigham Young*, it was considered of sufficient merit that the conservative publishing houses of Jarrold, London, and the Macmillan Company, of New York, have printed large editions at their own expense. Furthermore, an eastern magazine mentions this work as one worthy of consideration for the Pulitzer prize.

Literature Develops Slowly

SUPPOSE, however, that I am in error in recognizing Carmichael and others as poets; Stephens and others as musicians; Roberts and others as historians; Hafen and others as early artists; besides editors, scientists, publicists, not mentioned here—what then? Is Utah therefore "at term" in the fine arts? Has the last word been said? Certainly not; she has yet time enough and can still achieve wherever she is lacking.

According to Lessing, it requires Europe, on the average, fifty years to produce one really good book—a book that will last, standing the test of time and the judgment of succeeding generations. But Europe is the center of civilization, the light of the world. For more than 1,000 years many of its hundreds of millions have devoted their lives to literature and the fine arts. Now, if it requires 400 million people an average of fifty years to produce one genuine work that is to be read for centuries to come, how long should it take a community of half a million settled on the last frontier of civilization and still battling with the desert and the poverty of pioneer conditions? If it be true that Utah as yet has produced nothing worth while, it is far too early to despair of her.

The writer realizes that in this hurried sketch, he has not recalled even all the meritorious works that he has seen from Utah authors; while of those not mentioned because he has not examined them, there must be quite a few. It is enough to have indicated herein what the literary output is like and to have made a beginning that others may more fitly build upon.

True Slavery Defined

By Bessie Decker

HE is a slave
Tho free to roam at will,
Who lets his angry passions govern
And hate control the mind.

He is a knave
Who cannot rule himself,
Who knows not patience nor has
learned
The art of being kind.

He is not free
Who works with all his power
To gain the praise and wealth and
glory,
The honor, fame of men.

He will not be
At peace with God and heaven
Till he has learned to love his neighbors
And help them all he can.

He is a slave
The he may be a king
Who is a tyrant, using not his power
To help his fellow man.

He may be brave,
But he who's always loyal
To self and others finds true freedom—
Is free, since time began.

POETRY

'Tis Spring

By L. E. Flack

THE robin's note is calling;
The bluebird's on the wing;
The woodland sounds re-echo
With carols of the spring.

The snowdrifts in the meadows
Have melted quite away;
The chickadees are haunting
Some northern land today.

The tiny green buds bursting
Upon the cherry trees,
Will soon give place to blossoms white
That flutter in the breeze.

The earth's astir with throbbing life,
And every growing thing
Takes up the call, the gladsome call,
"Tis spring! 'Tis spring! 'Tis
spring!"

From the Land of Day to the Sea of Night!

By Frances Nuttall

SWIFT on our snow white steed we'll
go
Full fast from the land of the sunset,
Hard we will ride where the sky hangs
low
And meets with the earth in the sunset.

Deep in the soft warming, crimson glow,
We'll ride down the sun through the
trees,
Trees from which swallows are swinging
low
To sing as we pass on the breeze.

Down from the rose to the golden flow,
The flow of the waves in the dying sun,
Down to the sea of the moon we'll go,
Oh, down to the sea when the day is
done.

Golden, the sea of the golden moon,
We leap from our great white stallion,
Sail to the crest of the golden moon
In prow of our golden galleon.

Journeying,—yes—to the end of the day,
We'll voyage a sea that is gleaming,
Soft to the moon—in the dusk, away—
From crimson to gold, always dream-
ing!

Prelude

By Gladys Hendrickson

THE valley sleeps—
The purple shadows fold it in;
Yet as it sleeps, I hear the wind
Brush through the trees.
The moments, golden-threaded, spin
Dawn's tapestries.
Oh, winter's cold, and snow and chill!



Night

By Gladys Hendrickson

THE lake was black—
A silver moon reflected silver tears
And at the shore
The waters sobbed
To hard, listless ears.
The forest crooned
A swaying cradle song
That hushed the wind
And stilled the whispers of the long
Snow-mantled night.



Sing Ho for the Weather

By Annie D. Palmer

SING ho for the weather when it
snows.
And when it rains, and when it blows!
The darkest clouds and clearest shine,
Reflect alike the love divine.

Sing ho for the sunshine warm and bright,
For the flood of joy it brings;
The buds of May, the flowers of June,
And the meadow lark that sings.
With autumn's wealth and winter's crown
Of glory in its beams,
The sunshine pours out happiness
Beyond our happiest dreams.
Oh, gentle, radiant sunshine!
All nature seems to sing—
The birds and bees, the flowers and trees,
Joy laughs in everything.

Sing ho for the pouring, splashing rain,
With thunderous crash and roar;
And lightning shafts that split the sky
Through blackness floating o'er!
Afar the bow of promise tells
Of sure and plenteous yields,
In forestry, in meadow lands,
In gardens, and in fields.
Oh, pouring, dashing, splashing rain!
The vales and hills rejoice;
And nature reads her promise
In the storm-king's thundering voice.

Sing ho for the hurrying, howling wind!
The test of might or skill
Comes never with the gentle peace
Of zephyrs soft and still.
To brave life's tempest to the end,
However fierce and strong—

This is the lesson of the gale,
His blustering flight of song.
Oh, hurrying, scurrying, howling wind!
Blow long, blow high and low;
So men may learn the wisdom stern,
And by life's conflicts grow.

Sing ho for the cold and snow and sleet!
The silence soft and white,
Enfolding in a priceless shroud
The landscape gay and bright.
The seal of death o'er all the vale,
The mountain, and the plain,
Bid hope and faith live on—we know
The flowers will bloom again.
You teach us o'er and o'er,
That death's long sleep must end in life—
In life forevermore.

My Gold

By Grace Ingles Frost

I FOUND my gold in the morning sun,
When the life of the day had just
begun;
In the lilting note of a song-bird's throat,
And the sheen of the moon on a quiet
moat;
On the gorgeous wings of a butterfly,
And a soft cloud-fleck on a star-pecked
sky;
In the radiant glow at the rainbow's end,
And what I saw in the heart of a friend;
In a tranquil shower's blithe refrain,
And sometimes deep in the throes of pain.

You Will be Called

By Ada E. Latimer

IF you had known that on the morrow
You would be called home to meet
your Maker
Would you have sinned today?
Would you have cheated as you did
To gain a little earthly pelf,
To satisfy your greed for worldly things?
Would you have lied a bit to shield your-
self
From that with which you were rightly
blamed?
Would you have passed your brother on
the street
Without a kindly word to cheer him on?
Or left the song of praise
To him above unsung?
No. You would have tried to live a per-
fect day!
Then watch your words and actions,
And each morn that dawns,
Make this your cheerful aim
To battle fair and nobly with life's
storms.
For some tomorrow you will be called
home
To meet your Maker.

It Proved a Master Stroke

By Ida R. Alldredge

A POET penned a simple rhyme
He clothed a tender thought
In rhythmic measures line by line
Wherein true joy was fraught.

He breathed therein a little prayer
And sprinkled love's perfume
He scattered bits of kindly cheer
To help dispel the gloom.

He strengthened with undying hope
And garbed in friendship's cloak
And though the poet knew it not
It proved a master stroke.

It sang its way into the world
It scaled the mountains high,
And spanned the mighty ocean's depth.
Such poets cannot die.



Facing Life

By DR. ADAM S. BENNION

II

The Courage to "Carry On"

THE questions which have come in since the publication of the first article in this series are very stimulating and indicate that young men and women are genuinely concerned as they *face life*. It is evident that personal answers cannot be written to each individual inquiry—challenging as such an undertaking might be. But these questions can all be grouped about basic considerations and general suggestions can be offered by way of solution. That readers may the better time their inquiries, the following headings are set down as an index to the series herewith presented:

1. Facing Life.
2. The Courage to "Carry On."
3. What are Your Limitations?
4. Foresight — Building For Tomorrow.
5. What Can You Do?
6. What Would You Choose To Do?
7. What Is a Good Job?
8. What Constitutes Success?
9. What Fields Are Open?
10. What Is Your Best Preparation?

Helpful books of reference will be listed as the articles get under way and other suggestions will be offered to satisfy the needs of readers facing perplexities.

MANY of the questions received during the month will fit naturally into the sequence of these articles at a later date. Those who have submitted them will, I am sure, exercise due patience. Should any one face a real emergency if he will call particular attention to his need of an immediate reply, an effort will be made to answer him.

Three of the questions of the month center in the thought of this present article, "The Courage to Carry On."

One of them is submitted by a young man who because of the divorce of his parents is left, as he says, "financially stranded." He had hoped to go to college—but now—"That's all up."

Of course nothing is "all up" till he *gives up*. In youth, being "All Up" is essentially in the mind. I often think of the experience of a young man who, having faced serious reverses, came home from work one night to tell his wife that it was "all up." She saw him as he came across the porch, his face full of dejection.

"What's the matter, Tom?"

"Oh, it's all up—we've lost everything—they're even coming tomorrow to take the furniture." She looked at him with the look which only a woman's devotion can prompt.

"We've lost everything?" she queried.

"Yes—everything."

"They aren't going to take you, Tom, are they?"

"Why, of course not."

"And they won't take the kid dies?"

"Don't be silly!"

"And of course they won't want me, will they?"

"Say, Ann, what are you driving at?"

"Tom, while I have you and you have me, and together we have our kiddies and the heart to live for them, it'll never be all up."

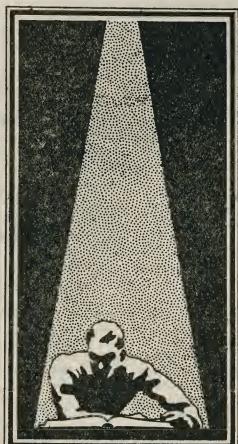
It was women's hearts like that—hearts which beat strongest under emergencies—that built our West out of a wilderness.

BUT perhaps we can find our best answer for this young man, in the solution offered in the two other cases. They were nearly enough alike to be grouped in one consideration. Both were cases of young married couples. In one of them, loss of a job had led one couple to think through their whole problem out across the years. In the other the union of the two lives had led to a common aspiration. It is wonderful how in a happy marriage a worthy woman can bring into the life of a man ideals which he never dreamed were native to his soul.

Let's look at the one case and at the solution offered—this one chanced to be a personal interview. Here is a young couple, married within the year, with a few assets, with a few more liabilities—and suddenly—out of work. And no job in sight. What could he do?

In the discussion, it developed that his real ambition was to complete his college training so that he could teach in a high school or engage in some other kind of social work. She shared in that aspiration. But they were in debt!

Fortunately, there chanced to be open a sale's job—one which offered an opportunity for both of them jointly. Why not go into the work vigorously and enthusiastically and carry on such a pro-



gram that by next fall both of them could come back to college able, because of their year's experience, to do enough on part time, to carry him through college. At least, they have made the beginning. It's real romance to catch the gleam of new life in faces suddenly turned to the sun. "All up?"—not unless the fire's died out of the soul.

Hence the title to this article—"The Courage to 'Carry On'." The circumstances attached to each case may vary, but the essential principle underlies them all. Other things being equal, "*he conquers who knows not defeat.*" Even though he may not achieve material success, he builds up such soul stuff that he rises to new spiritual heights, which after all are the real attainments in life.

THIS is the recipe of the ages. There is no mysterious novelty about it. Just good, old-fashioned grit. Determination—courage—and no end of work. We lay this foundation early because upon it all else rests. It is not a picturesque subject for a discussion, but without it all else is in vain. Brilliance may "peter out;" "social niceties" may become but an echo; but honest, vigorous work can not be denied.

History bears witness that such is the case. Dickens once pasted labels on boxes of shoe blacking, but he dreamed a dream—and he worked to make his dream come true. Read again his "David Copperfield" if you would catch a genuine enthusiasm for life.

Hills

*I NEVER loved your plains,
Your gentle valleys,
Your drowsy country lanes
And pleached alleys.*

*I want my hills! the trail
That scorns the hollow.
Up, up the ragged shale
Where few will follow.*

*Up, over wooded crest
And mossy boulder
With strong thigh, heaving chest,
And swinging shoulder,*

*So let me hold my way.
By nothing halted,
Until, at close of day,
I stand exalted,*

*High on my hills of dream—
Dear hills that know me!
And then, how fair will seem
The land below me;*

*How pure at vesper-time,
The far bells chiming!
God, give me hills to climb,
And strength for climbing!*

Thomas Carlyle preached the same gospel with all the vigor of his dynamic personality. Bunyan gave the world "Pilgrim's Progress" out of a background of prison life. Except for the courage to "Carry On" against odds, his name might have sunk into oblivion.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, sickly in childhood and doomed apparently to an asthmatic isolation from the active affairs of men, literally built the vigor of

the west into his make up. The Out of Doors—the roughness of Rough Riding brought to him a new courage—a courage which made him dare the greatest political odds of a nation. It was a wonderful courage which took him out West from a sheltered bringing up and back again to the White House, strong enough to bear the burdens of the highest office within the power of the American people to bestow.

Rodin rose to world fame upon a program throughout adolescence which fairly tires one even in contemplation. Fancy a boy up at six each morning to get in two hours of sketching before going to a drawing school. Watch him dispose of a hurried lunch that he might steal away during a good part of the noon hour to make observations among the masters. Follow him through an afternoon of clerkship only to hurry home to continue his sketching far into the night. Of course, we can't all be Rodins—or Roosevelts—it takes native genius for that—but if they with all their gifts busied themselves through long hours of painstaking effort, how significant to us the thought of "The Courage to Carry On."

And so at the outset of this series may we urge the basic significance of that homely thought "He who would achieve must pay in honest toil the price demanded of those who would go up from the plateaus of life into the heights." Arthur Guiterman's "Hills" offers a fitting epilogue to this thought.

Mark Twain and Present Day Conditions

From an address by Elder Charles H. Hart at the October conference, 1916.

I HAVE often quoted the words of the philosopher and humorist, Mark Twain:

"When we consider the tremendous forces of the upper and nether world which play for the mastery of the soul of a woman, during the few years in which she passes from plastic girlhood to the ripe maturity of womanhood, we may well stand in awe before the momentous drama. Nature must needs center in her all the possibilities of life. What capacities she has for tenderness, goodness; what capacities for vileness, bitterness and evil. Nature must needs be lavish with the mother and creator of men and center in her all the possibilities of life. And a few critical years can decide whether her life is to be full of sweetness

and light, whether she is to be a vestal of a holy temple—or whether she will be the fallen priestess of a desecrated shrine."

AT no time since my remembrance has there been such a wave of unrest and of evil as is sweeping over the country in this day. The citadels of modesty are being assaulted as never before in my remembrance. The forces of the nether world, to use the expression of Twain, are very active. It is necessary for the forces of good to be equally vigilant. We must be militant in this work. It

will not do for us to sit supinely down and think that the ward teacher or bishop is going to look after our boy and girl. It will take the best ingenuity of the stake presidents and bishops to control wisely the dancing situation; and they will need the help of every father and of every mother in doing this work. * * *

We must look after our living children, and not be content in case of an emergency to display wonderful zeal for the dead. Grown-ups must be more vigilant and militant in attacking evil.

As a Native East Indian Views the Situation



THE AUTHOR

The author of this article, Daljit Singh Sadharia, is a native of East India. He came to this country in 1923, and graduated from the University of Oregon in 1929, majoring in journalism. He is a regular contributor to a number of American magazines and to several Indian papers in their vernacular, three of which he understands and writes, as well as being a master of English and German and understanding some French. It is his intention to remain in the west this winter and to go to Harvard for his master's degree next year.

INDIA at present occupies an important position on the world's stage. The eyes of all civilized communities are centered on her, and the dramatic and even tragic events that of late have been convulsing her are attracting universal attention. Never before has the importance of India been so widely recognized or so fully appreciated as at present. That great peninsula with its immense antiquity, deeply rooted and immemorial civilization, vast populations, ancient religions, philosophical systems and fighting races is in the throes of portentous up-

By
DALJIT SINGH SADHARIA
University of Oregon



heaval and tremendous transformation—on the eve of far-reaching changes that will leave a permanent mark on her life and institutions and will inaugurate a new era in her history. The various political and sociological movements that are sweeping over the country from one end to the other will bring about a revolutionary change in the structure of Indian society and a radical modification in the political relations between the Eastern and the Western peoples. India stands at the parting of the ways.

THE present Indian movement for national emancipation is of recent origin and is the direct outgrowth of English rule and of external forces working on India for the last thirty years. Before it received the western impact of the nineteenth century Hindustan lacked all the requisites and attributes that go to constitute a homogenous political unit. Half a century ago the Indian people knew almost nothing about their origins or their history. The glorious deeds of their ancestors were remembered only in a vague, legendary fashion, the study of the national history being

completely neglected. Religious discussions and metaphysical wranglings interested them more than their past history and cultural traditions. Their genius and as-



Courtesy Salt Lake Tribune
Picture of Mahatma Gandhi and his wife, taken some time ago.

piration did not express themselves in the realm of politics and secular ambitions and were not directed to worldly achievements and greatness. Their whole attention was concentrated on the interests of the

hereafter and their intellect and energies were wasted in speculations. The demoralizing teaching of the faiths of Hinduism and Islamism inculcated passivity and a fatalistic resignation and reduced the people to impotence and virtual death. The great wars and territorial rivalries which devastated India in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries destroyed all the refinements of civilization and culture, crushing out all love of country or loyalty to the nation.

THE impact of the west aroused India from the slumber of ages. It led to startling results and to a most remarkable transformation of the political, social, and economic life of the country. The English rulers brought with them their novel ideas and innovations and patterned India after their own conceptions of political and economic organization. They consolidated India from Cape Camorin to Peshawar under their firm political control and put her upon a uniform system of law administration. They endowed her with all the unifying forces of modern culture such as roads and railways, posts and telegraphs, books and papers, and above all modern education, and gave her a real political entity. The introduction of English secular and scientific education deeply disturbed the old mental stagnation of the Indian people and infused a new life into the dry bones of their society. It released the dormant and intellectual and spiritual energies and directed them into useful and secular channels. The Indian mind was introduced to Eu-

ropean thought and letters and was fed upon the doctrines of liberalism, constitutional freedom, nationality and of the French Revolution. New generations of Indians were born inoculated with European ideas and intoxicated with the strong wines of the west.

tions. Finally they organized the Indian national congress in 1885 to give expression to the aspirations generated in them by British political theories and to agitate for reforms in the administration of the country. By the close of the nineteenth century the Indian political leaders were frankly demanding sweeping innovations in the government of the country, such as representative councils, increasing control over taxation and the opening of the public services to Indians all the way up the scale.

Meanwhile other momentous internal and external events were wielding an influence upon Indian thought. The partition of Bengal by Lord Curzon (1905) in the face of vehement opposition, and his violent aspersions on Indian character and ethical ideals, aroused a fierce hatred in the breasts of the Bengalis and set all India on fire. Hitherto Indian nationalism had moved in peaceful channels and had remained confined to

western educated classes. But now it became exceedingly self-assertive and began to influence large numbers of the Indian people. A wave of patriotic frenzy swept over the country and a cry of "India for the Indians" was heard from Calcutta to Peshawar. The victories of Young Japan over Czarist Russia thrilled India and intensified Indian national consciousness. The humiliation of a formidable western power by an insignificant east-



Indian Riots

Courtesy Salt Lake Tribune



Though they were yet a mere film on the vast surface of Indian society and were an infinitesimal minority, they exercised an all important influence and became the natural leaders of their people. They sought to regenerate India on the basis of European precedents and to bring her in line with modern conditions. In order to realize their high political aims they organized clubs and associations where they discussed political and economic questions; they founded many papers, both in English and vernacular, to educate public opinion; and they called into existence several reforming movements in order to purge Indian religions of their grossest idolatry and the rankest supersti-

ern nation shattered the military prestige of occidental civilization in the eyes of all Orientals and destroyed the legend of European invincibility and the nightmare of western superiority. The rapidity with which the Land of Nippon appropriated all the paraphernalia of European secular culture and leapt into the constellation of the great powers of the world surprised the eastern races and engendered wild ambitions. The success of the Young Turks, the Persian revolution, and the dramatic overthrow of the Manchus (1912) by the party of Sun Yat Sen inflamed the sensitive Indian political consciousness and bred a furious hatred for alien authority and domination. The Great War, which connoted to the east the spiritual hollowness and bankruptcy of western civilization, finally completed the process and became the signal for self-determination and racial assertion in India and Asia.

IN the Great War, India stood loyally by England and put forth all her efforts to save the British Empire from the peril of German militarism. She contributed enormously in men and money and played an important part in bringing the Central Powers to their knees. None of the self-governing dominions made a greater contribution to the defense of the Empire. In men alone India provided 100,000 more than the total number of soldiers sent by all the colonies put together. She contributed nearly \$500,000,000 as a special gift to defray the expenses of Great Britain's war and helped in every possible way. Her sons fought side by side with the British soldiers on the battle-fields of France, Mesopotamia, Palestine, Turkey, Egypt, and East Africa, and their loyalty and bravery were fully acknowledged by British statesmen and publicists. Henry Asquith, the war time premier, told the House of Commons that henceforth the problem of India would be treated from a new angle of vision. On Aug. 20, 1917, Great Britain made the solemn declaration through Mr. Montague, the war time Secretary of

State for India, that her policy would be the establishment of responsible and representative government in India as an integral part of the British Empire. India was stirred by new hopes as she had never been moved before. She thought that the promises made by responsible British statesmen would be fully redeemed and that

children, and mowed them down like grass, without warning and without compassion.

IT was at this critical period that Mahatma Gandhi appeared on the Indian scene and inaugurated one of the most powerful political and social movements of modern times. He was well qualified by his character, intellect, training, and education to head a movement of revolt against British domination and to lead the Indian people in the path of freedom and national liberation. Born and bred in a rich and prosperous family he had all the advantages of an early education. His father, Karamchand Gandhi, a wealthy and a learned man, was prime minister in one of the important Indian native states, and was highly respected and loved by the common people for his nobility of character, administrative ability and the purity of his motives.

Gandhi's mother was an orthodox Hindu lady, with deep religious and moral feelings and with keen appreciation and love of classical Sanskrit literature and philosophy. She was a jealous and affectionate mother and was animated by kindness and love towards her children. She evinced profound interest in their care and education and taught them some of the moral maxims and spiritual truths as revealed in the sacred and religious books of India. Gandhi inherited many qualities from his parents which so endear him to the hearts of his countrymen and make him the influential figure in Indian politics and national life he is today. From his father he inherited a determination of purpose and the tenacity of a powerful will, serenity of mind, sense of public duty, and sympathy for the down-trodden and the oppressed, and from his mother, love of truth and moral purity of life. In fact, his parents left no stone unturned to mould him after their own heart and to afford him all facilities of education.

After graduating from a native school in his home town, Gandhi was sent to England to study law. He qualified himself for the bar



she would be launched on the career of a self-governing nation like the British Dominions.

But in this she was bitterly disappointed. Instead of conferring the blessings of self-government and representative institutions the British government forced upon her the Rowlatt Act, and other reactionary measures, which were intended to strike at the very root of the nationalist movement, the freedom of the press, and at the right of public meetings and discussions. The Rowlatt Act was passed by the British-Indian bureaucracy in the teeth of vehement opposition and became the law of the land without the approval of the elected Indian members of the Legislative Assembly. Meetings were held all over India to protest against the Act, and a wide-spread political agitation engulfed the country. One of the most important of these meetings was held at Amritsar, the sacred city of the Sikhs, where more than two thousand people assembled to record their disapproval of the reactionary policy of the British government. General Dyer, who was commissioned by the Indian government to quell any disturbance in the city, fired upon innocent men, women, and

at the University of London, and on his return to India was duly admitted as an advocate of the High Court of Bombay. He practiced for a number of years and was making a success in his legal practice when an event happened which proved the turning point in his life and decided his future career. He was asked by his countrymen to go to South Africa to plead the case of Indian settlers there and to extricate them from the legal racial discrimination under which they labored and suffered.

Gandhi tried all legal means to redress the grievances of his countrymen, but the South African government refused to take the discriminatory legislation from the statute books. He therefore advised his clients to practice passive resistance and to disobey all laws which infringed on their rights and reduced them to the level of a community without caste. He welded them into one cohesive brotherhood and put himself at their head. For this he was arrested along with many of his followers and sent to jail. He was beaten and roughly handled but persisted in his vow of non-resistance, strictly enjoining upon his followers not to resort to violence and reprisal. After a hard and strenuous agitation he compelled the South African administration to yield to his demands and to concede the rights of citizenship to his fellow countrymen.

WHEN Mahatma Gandhi returned to India from South Africa he was hailed as a hero and martyr and was greeted with genuine and enthusiastic ovations wherever he went. Vast crowds flocked to him and listened to his serene and feeble voice with deep interest and admiration. He was garlanded and presented with addresses of welcome, and was looked upon with spiritual reverence and awe, almost amounting to worship. Clothed in the rough homespun blankets of his people, with bare head and bare feet, he traveled throughout India telling about his work in South Africa, explaining to the enthusiastic crowds the power and value of his methods of agitation, urging on his countrymen the precepts of human brotherhood, equality, justice, moral purity, and preaching freedom with a disinterested sincerity

which aroused millions of the people. His invincible courage, his complete aversion to material success and power, his utter indifference to approval or abuse, his tenacious and imperious will, his uncompromising and downright adherence to what he believed his duty and central aim, the austerity and spirituality of his daily life all worked as a magic spell and exalted him to divinity in the minds of his people and invested him, in the eyes of his followers, with religious sanctity and supernatural powers. When the Amritsar tragedy sent a thrill of horror through the length and breadth of India and a wide-spread political discontent and agitation convulsed the country, Mahatma Gandhi proved the man of the hour and led a movement that has already altered human consciousness and shaken the whole fabric of the British Empire to its very foundations.

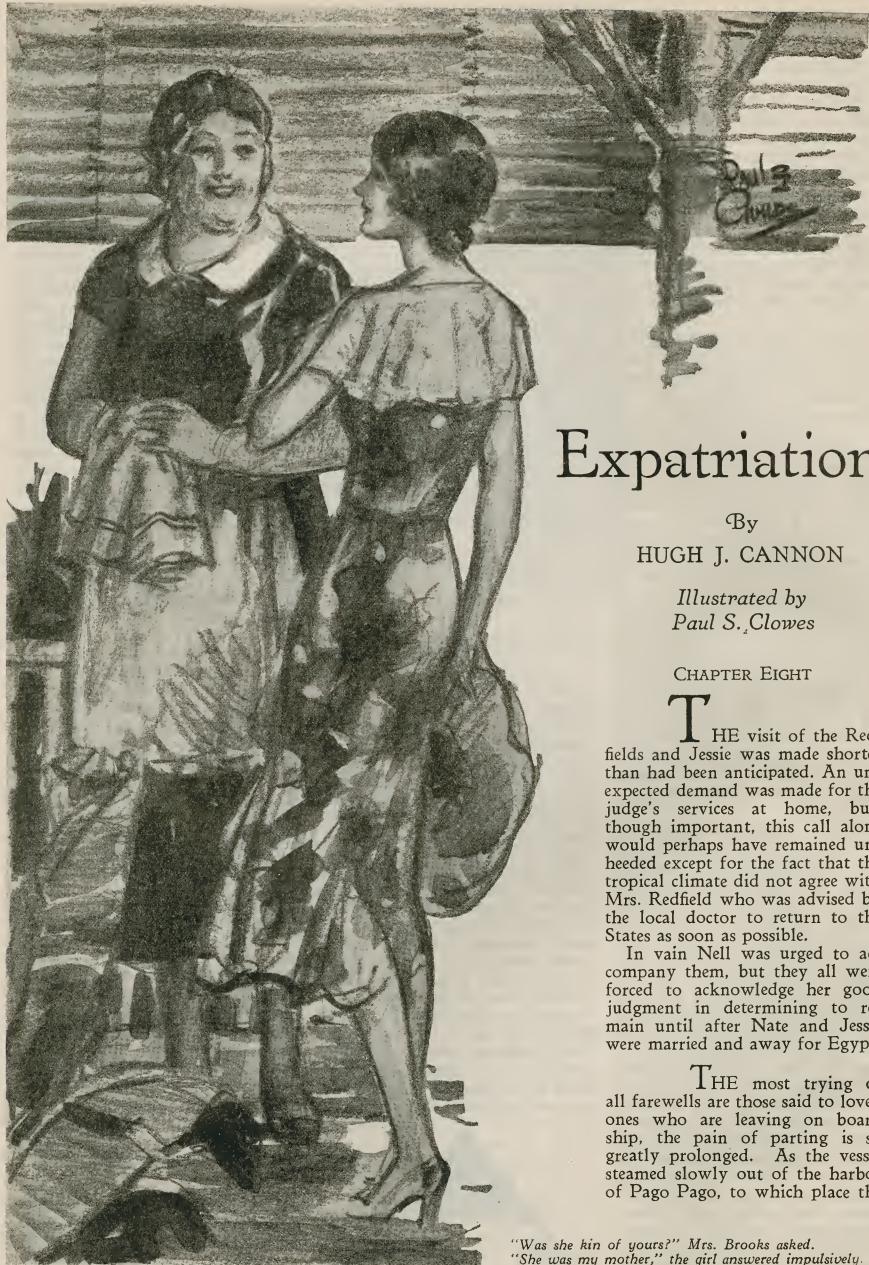
HE preached a gospel even more sublime than his personality. It was a message of hope and self-reliance, of renewed self-respect and national assertion, and of freedom and regenerated manhood. The independence of India was to be achieved by religious and moral means, and not by warfare and bloodshed, nor by revolutionary methods and political assassinations. Indeed, freedom won by the accepted methods of European history would not be worth the cost and would not raise India from her depths of moral and material decrepitude to the desired high plane of social and spiritual existence. Real salvation and freedom of Aryabhara would come only from moral regeneration and inner purification. The Indian people must put away their abject servility, utter helplessness, sloth, and every form of moral impurity, and renew their life in courage, honor, bravery, and self-help. They must do away with their sordid rivalries, communal dissensions, racial rancors and animosities and cultivate the virtues of

fraternal union, patriotism and love of freedom, and learn to stand together when their national honor and rights are encroached upon and menaced by an alien power. Thus cemented together they would stand forth as a virile nation, and no human power would be able to thwart their common will and throttle their national aspirations. They had only to withdraw their cooperation from a foreign government that oppressed them and deprived them of all their political rights, and that government, though equipped with all the resources of science, efficient instruments of human destruction, with subtle diplomacy and political acumen, would find itself powerless, and as far as they were concerned would collapse like a house of cards. And India thus freed would rise like a new constellation in the firmament and would lead the world to the highest spiritual conquests.

THE program laid down by which this grand vision was to be realized was probably the most significant in modern Indian history and the most powerful force in contemporary Indian politics. It revolutionized the ways of thinking and doing things of the Indian people and united them on a common fraternal basis. In brief the program was one of gradual withdrawal by the Indian from all cooperation with their English rulers, threatening a paralysis of the British-Indian governmental structure. It conceived a wholesale boycott of everything English and involved a gigantic national strike. Government servants were to resign their seats and to earn their livelihood by trade and industry; lawyers were to give up their practice and assist in the organization of national institutions of justice; students were to leave government schools and colleges and prosecute their studies in national educational institutions. They were to spread the gospel of patriotism among the inarticulate village people and to carry the message of national independence and emancipation to the peasantry and women of the country. All Indians in the British army and the British police were to abjure their connection and help form a national militia to instruct the youth in physical exercises and mil-



[Continued on page 303]



Expatriation

By

HUGH J. CANNON

*Illustrated by
Paul S. Clowes*

CHAPTER EIGHT

T

HE visit of the Redfields and Jessie was made shorter than had been anticipated. An unexpected demand was made for the judge's services at home, but, though important, this call alone would perhaps have remained unheeded except for the fact that the tropical climate did not agree with Mrs. Redfield who was advised by the local doctor to return to the States as soon as possible.

In vain Nell was urged to accompany them, but they all were forced to acknowledge her good judgment in determining to remain until after Nate and Jessie were married and away for Egypt.

T

HE most trying of all farewells are those said to loved ones who are leaving on board ship, the pain of parting is so greatly prolonged. As the vessel steamed slowly out of the harbor of Pago Pago, to which place the

*"Was she kin of yours?" Mrs. Brooks asked.
"She was my mother," the girl answered impulsively.*

travelers were obliged to go because through steamers do not touch at Apia, the dispirited Nell felt as one who, after tasting of heavenly bliss, has suddenly been cast down to infernal darkness.

During the long sojourn on the islands she had learned that her grief could best be borne in solitude, and therefore declined the pressing invitation of Captain and Mrs. Evans to remain with them for a time.

BACK in her own modest home it required some days and a vast amount of determined self-discipline to recover a fair measure of her usual external composure. Hardly had she done so when word came from Dick Hawley that official notice of his promotion had been received and he was to leave for home as soon as certain matters on the islands, which during recent months had been in his hands, could be adjusted. This would require several weeks but would admit of but one visit to Apia.

He hoped they would not have to say good-bye but that she could be persuaded to go with him to Pago Pago, be married there and accompany him home. Within a few days he would write her again, telling just when she might expect him. On the morning that the small boat was due from Pago Pago with mail and passengers, Nell walked down to the post of-

fice. Before reaching her destination she was intercepted by a young native who was one of the largest boys in her school when she began teaching and was now almost, in his own feelings quite, a man.

spite of that, or because of it, he was a handsome fellow and his genuine pleasure at being able to entertain his former teacher was gratifying to her. Almost daily now Nell saw some of the fruits of her labors. The dreary months spent on the island were not profitless.

"I goin' to get married, Misi Re'field," Sua surprised her by saying.

"Going to get married, Sua? Why, you're only a boy! What put such an idea into your head?"

"I'm a man," he said proudly. "Me and Tina get married."

"Tina? That child? And you haven't a thing."

"Yes, we got plenty things. I make a bamboo pillow and Tina already make some mats and mosquito net."

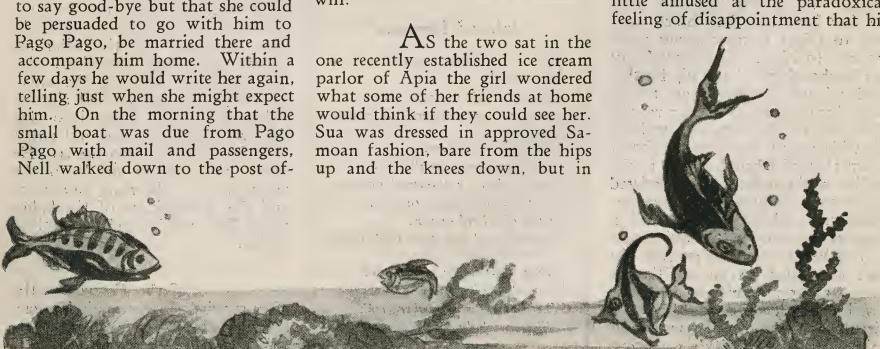
They were, therefore, quite prepared to commence housekeeping.

AT the post office was a letter from Dick. Before reading it she looked forward with some trepidation to the news of his coming, but after its perusal was a little amused at the paradoxical feeling of disappointment that his

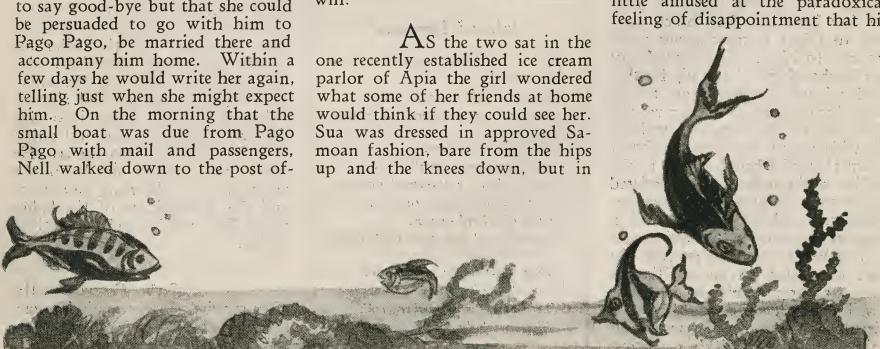
"You have some ice cream with me, Misi Re'field?"

"Why yes, Sua, of course I will."

AS the two sat in the one recently established ice cream parlor of Apia the girl wondered what some of her friends at home would think if they could see her. Sua was dressed in approved Samoan fashion, bare from the hips up and the knees down, but in



He had secured a cart and steed which, whatever its other faults, could not be called fiery.



visit must be postponed for a few days. Walking homeward she admitted to herself that she liked the young seaman immensely—so well, in fact, that at times it made her fearful. His oft-repeated and subtly expressed arguments that she was doing herself an irreparable injustice by pursuing this Spartan-like course were becoming alarmingly fascinating. Now with the knowledge that no allegiance was due Nate, she realized it would be doubly difficult to keep the ardent young fellow within purely fraternal bounds.

She remembered with a pang how anxious Nate had been to marry her in spite of everything, but she also remembered the Everett pride of ancestry which would not fail to remind him that by birth she was inferior. Dick would have no such feelings. Though himself well-born, he was not inclined to draw fine distinctions and was fully convinced that the girl's heroic determination to sacrifice herself was unnecessary.

Instead of the expected call from Hawley, a wireless came on the day he should have arrived stating that he had been dispatched direct to Nukualofa, and would be obliged to remain in Tonga two or three weeks. He begged her to gratify the long delayed desire to visit that place. The S. S. *Tofua* was due to leave Apia within a few days, and he would meet it at Nukualofa with the hope that she would be one of its passengers.

IT was a thoughtful but excited young lady who walked along the sea shore that evening. Her feelings were as tumultuous as the restless waves which broke with a roar upon the reef. In her loneliness her heart went out to Dick; it must never again go out to Nate. She thought of her boyhood friend as a big brother and wished she could go to his arms for comfort as a sister would. And yet all the time she realized that his regard was vastly different from that of a brother, and as she walked and pondered she wondered if her own feelings were altogether sisterly. Never having had a brother she could not be quite sure.

Ere her home was reached she had concluded to go to Tonga. It was an opportunity which must not be missed. She would be very circumspect and not be weakened in any degree by Dick's persistent

appeals. Late as it was she called her friend Sua and asked him to take her in his father's cart to the cemetery where her parents slept.

If the spirits which have passed on can hear the pitiful cries of their loved ones, surely her father must have been deeply moved. She knelt on his grave. The soft music of the sea, the cocoanut palms, majestic in the moonlight, the sanctified spirit of the burial place dispelled terrestrial and instilled celestial thoughts. She spoke to her father as though in his visible presence and implored God to let him direct her in this uncertainty.

Suddenly she sprang to her feet. "Another, too, lies here," she exclaimed, "the mother whom I have been tempted to hate because she first gave me life and then saved the useless life which she had given. But the wrong she did me was unintentional, and she died for me. It is a thousand times better to pursue my outlined course alone, to die childless, than to rear an offspring who might sometime regard me with the abhorrence which I so often feel for my mother."

She sank down on the companion grave. "I thank Heaven, Mother, for giving me that thought. Every drop of your polluted blood shall go to the grave with me."

IT was an exquisite tropical evening when Nell went aboard the *Tofua*. Some of her friends had rowed out with her to the vessel which lay at anchor within the crescent, had well nigh smothered her in flowers, and as the good ship got under way had

Isle of Dreams

*E*NCHANTED, I walk thy coral strand,
Samoa, fair isle of tropic sea;
I breathe thy fragrance o'er and o'er,
And lo! it healeth me.
I gaze enraptured on all thy woods,
Samoa, isle of a thousand dreams;
I hear thy sweet voice call to me,
Fairest of island queens.

*T*hy hills and thy dales with fragrance filled,
Samoa, blessed isle of my soul;
Now call me back to rest in thee,
Where south sea breakers roll.
—Terrence Sylvester Glennamaddy.

sung the plaintive Samoan farewell, never to be forgotten when once heard at parting. *Tofa mai feleni*, (Good-bye, my friend) which was composed and sung as the bruised sailors, nursed so tenderly by the hospitable natives, were leaving for home after the disastrous hurricane.

Nell felt she could appreciate the exquisite pain of the girl who, according to tradition, had written the song and had swum after the ship, singing it, as long as her head remained above the waves, to a departing officer who was sailing away to another land and to other loves.

It was customary for the *Tofua* to stop at Vava'u on the way to Nukualofa. Freight had to be unloaded, but in this instance there were no passengers to land and none in sight to come aboard; so the crew did not take the trouble to let down the gang-plank. The freight was unloaded with the powerful swinging crane which reached from deck to pier. Just as this task was completed and the vessel beginning to move away, a belated native passenger rushed excitedly and noisily up to the wharf. The crane was hastily swung out to him. Throwing his belongings, which were tied in a bundle, to the deck, he grasped the rope with both hands and was swung up into the air.

But horrors! His exertions in running for the boat, aided by the breeze, had loosened his *lava lava*, which it may be needless to say was his only covering. Here he was hanging by his hands between sky and water and his clothing, every thread of it, slipping from him. He tried to hold on with one hand while he grasped the cloth with the other, but the crane which was swung more violently than necessary by the hilarious sailors made that impossible. He had to choose between the alternatives of coming aboard ship as naked as he had come into this life or loosing his hold and going with his clothing into the sea. He chose the former much to the amusement of the male passengers and the discomfiture of the ladies who fled precipitately to their cabins.

AS the *Tofua*, shortly after sunrise, slowly made its way through the devious entrance to the Nukualofa harbor, Nell en-

joyed the wondrous beauties of the place as completely as her agitated mood would permit. On a nearby reef was the wrecked and crumbling steamer, *Prince George*, the elements rapidly completing the work of destruction commenced by the rocks. "It's like me," she thought, "lost, useless, waiting for the end."

To this place Nelly Alder had followed this girl's father and finally inveigled him into marriage. She hoped no more information would be forthcoming which would intensify the harsh feelings entertained toward this woman to whom she owed her life.

Dick Hawley was awaiting her on the wharf. Her pleasure at seeing from the deck the bronzed face of the young lieutenant was too apparent to escape notice and aroused in him more excitement than a dignified representative of the United States navy is expected to show. The girl was the first of the passengers to land, and their mutual delight as they clasped hand augured ill for her determination to check any attempt on his part to refer to the forbidden subject.

IN the hope that she would accept the suggestion to visit Tonga, he had engaged rooms for her in a cottage overlooking the harbor and the spot where his vessel lay at anchor, and after she had expressed a liking for the quarters and her appreciation of his thoughtfulness, he spent an unnecessary amount of time in explaining a system of signals comprehensible to them alone. Before leaving for his gunboat, the *Mystic*, the young fellow obtained from her a promise that later she would drive about the island with him.

Nothing could satisfy her excitement except activity, and therefore she was ready for Dick when he called. He had secured a cart and steed which, whatever its other faults, could not be called fiery. The two crowded into the small conveyance.

"Can you manage a horse as well as you do a boat?" she asked.

"I'm afraid not. I can get a little speed out of most any kind of water craft, but I think there's something wrong with this nag's propeller."

"Do you mind taking me to Mr. Hunt, the minister? I shall

never be quite satisfied until I see with my own eyes the record of my parent's marriage."

Mr. Hunt was at home and very willingly produced his father's records. At the same time he could not refrain from asking why such frequent enquiries were made concerning the marriage of John Terry and Nelly Alder. However, a donation to his missionary work and the statement that a small legacy was involved, satisfied him fully.

The books, poorly kept and so blurred as to be almost illegible, showed clearly that John Z. Terry and Nelly Alder were married by Mr. Hunt. Neither the records nor the interview with the son revealed anything new. Having expected nothing, the young lady, though sobered, was not so downcast as she had feared this final and conclusive investigation would make her.

IT was soon evident that Hawley had entered upon this campaign with the determination to win the girl by storm, and the skill with which he managed the affair was a credit to his training and stamped him as a strategist of high order. They had barely squeezed themselves into the narrow seat of the cart after the visit to Mr. Hunt when the bombardment commenced.

The lazy horse had covered but little ground before the girl rather unwillingly confirmed the statement of Judge Redfield that Nate and Jessie would doubtless marry.

Dick spoke vehemently. "A fine pair of friends you have, Nell! I hope you'll excuse my energy, but that's the way I feel about

Sea Gulls

By Vesta Pierce Crawford

GULLS there are by the ocean deep
With wings like the cold gray waves,
And gulls there are on the craggy shore
That sail past the wind-hewn caves.

But high on the rocks of an inland sea
Dwells a snow-white gull with a clarion
cry:

And over the maze of a furrowed land
He circles a path that is far and high.

Yet ever the stretch of his pinions wide
On the painted dawn of the day
Is a challenge deep from that heritage
No span of the years can sweep away!

them. As for Nate, if he had dinner with me I'd want to count the spoons afterward."

"The trouble with you, Dick, is that you're filled with foolish jealousy. Nate is all that a man should be. I've told you that many times, and you know what a beautiful character Jessie is. I've compared her with hundreds of others and have never yet seen a girl that I think is her equal. Now, honestly, don't you think she's an exceptionally fine young woman?"

"Well, my knowledge of women is pretty limited, but I suppose she is. Anyhow, I shouldn't blame her. But this man Everett!"

"You'll have to take my word about him. He is not to be reproached with lack of devotion, and this shows Jessie's character: Although she has always admired Nate, almost to the point of loving him, she would not accept even casual attentions until she was told the reason for my leaving. Then she refused to permit a lover-like situation to develop without my full approval. Now, if they marry, she proposes to expatriate herself by going away to Egypt for years, so that I may return home. She feels that with Nate gone I am as well off there as here. Nate can be nothing more to me than a friend, but no one ever had truer friends than he and Jessie."

"Now can't you see what the solution is? Marry me, and they can stay at home and so can you. I'll admit that Jessie is a great girl and shouldn't be sent off to Egypt, with only a fellow like Nate to keep her company. But I suppose there must be something to this Everett chap to have two such girls fall in love with him. And to be perfectly honest with you, Nell, I haven't felt exactly right about the way I've acted in this matter. After you had told me of your former engagement, I should've tried to persuade you to return to the States and marry your old lover. I'd much rather you'd do that than to remain here after I'm gone."

"That's easy for you to say now that they are engaged."

"I'll admit I should have done it sooner. But that's past. Now, I'll be satisfied with whatever you are able to give me in the way of love—that is, for the present, but I'm determined to make you think so much of me that if Nate and I both stood before you for your

[Continued on page 298]



Navajo Indian standing at worship, a mile or so from prayer-rock in the distance. Barefooted Indians through the centuries have worn deep indentations in the rock upon which they have stood.

IN many states there are places of interest which are more or less unknown, and a few people who have made such spots their especial concern. Utah is full of scenic wonders — Bryce and Zion canyons, Cedar Breaks, the Grandaddy Lakes and countless others, but these, while better known, are not of more interest, and surely not of more historic value, than the cliffs and caves of the San Juan country in the extreme southeast of the state. Of quite as much interest, if of a different sort, is a man, Zeke Johnson by name, who has been a guide through the region for over thirty years and can tell the most fascinating stories of the country and its secrets, to say nothing of the flap-jacks he can cook in such a fashion as to make even the most archaeological of all archaeologists forget for the nonce what he came for and think only of the flap-



Mr. "Zeke" Johnson, the guide who has initiated many into the interesting mysteries of cliffs and caves.

Cliffs and Caves of Southern Utah

By
ELsie T. BRANDLEY



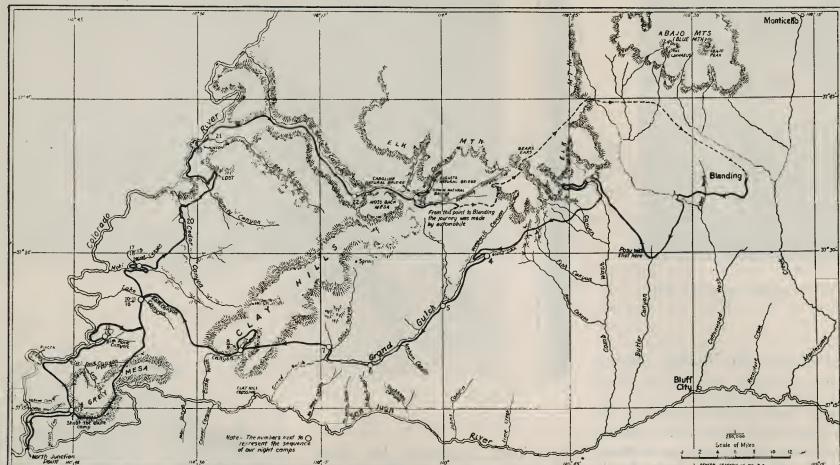
Mummy recently unearthed, surrounded by utensils of bone and wood, baskets, weapons, beads and both Sunday and every-day shoes, all of which were buried with him.

jacks. Many are the trips he has taken as guide for parties traveling out of curiosity, interest, or the genuine desire to unearth historic ruins and thus unravel another thread of the tangled skein of Indian lore, and, contrary to the idea that such research pilgrimages might exhaust the hidden store of material, each trip seems to be productive of additional treasure. Of late years particularly interesting trips have been taken with Chas. L. Bernheimer of the American Museum of Natural History. Mr. Bernheimer has made eleven trips so far to the San Juan (some of them in company with Earl H.



Ladder used in making the ascent to a cave high above the river. The uprights probably were used by original inhabitants.

Map of the San Juan country, indicating the line of travel taken by the Bernheimer expedition.



Bernheimer party examining an early medicine-kit made of hollowed out wood, covered with prairie-dog skin and wrapped with sinew twine. It is the second ever found. Among the contents were feathers of 30 or 40 kinds of birds, implements of wood and bone, seeds of various kinds, twigs, herbs, wooden instruments of great delicacy, and many other things.



Carrier, decorated with stars which the archaeologist declares must have been a symbol brought from Jerusalem.

Morris, archaeologist of the museum) and is anticipating more. He is a great friend of the west and the "Mormon" people, and in his reports he never fails to put in a word for them. His greatest interest lies in this type of research work, and in order to have nothing interfere he has refused important posts and fine political connections. It is said that he has spent more time and money, explored more unknown territory of this kind, and discovered more new and valuable evidence than any other man living. He it was who furnished the means to build the Bernheimer trail around the Navajo Mountain, making the way to the Rainbow Bridge passable.

WORTHWHILE indeed have been the discoveries made in the course of these expeditions,

the purpose of them being purely one of archaeological research, and the men from the east have come in deadly earnest to find what is to be found in the mysterious depths of the caves and cliffs. For one trip, which lasted for 27 days, through the wilds of this San Juan country, between the San Juan and Colorado Rivers, the outfit consisted of 9 people—Mr. Bernheimer, Mr. Morris, Mr. Johnson and John Weatherall, famous guide from Kayenta and five helpers, 36 pack mules and 11 saddle horses. Provisions (food and equipment) was shipped from New York that there might be no avoidable delay, and the party started forth.

The map indicates the general line of travel, but no map could tell the stories of what was found at various points along the design-



Robe, woven of Yucca and Thistle Fiber.

nated route. In Mocha Canyon, Wilson Canyon and Slick Rock caves were discovered which apparently had not been entered, nor even discovered, since their original inhabitants disappeared, and many valuable things were brought to light.

THE caves, averaging about 250 ft. long, by 10 ft. deep, were high above the river bed in the canyon, and were reached by means of the ladders, which were used by the early inhabitants themselves. The poles, some 60 ft. in height, were found to be greatly worn, but still of sufficient strength to support the men who climbed up the new rungs which were necessarily added.

Findings in the cave indicated the fact that these crude dwellings



Interior of a Cave.

have been inhabited by three distinct peoples of different periods, and the cloth, pottery and implements of war of each differed from the others. The first cloth discovered (which was doubtless of the latest style in cliff-dweller's fabrics) was made of some cotton, mixed with hair, and the pottery of the time was highly developed in form, workmanship and design. A motley collection of other material has been found, also: sandals, corn, squash, beans, gourds and various kinds of refuse. Twenty-six ears of corn were found with the old-



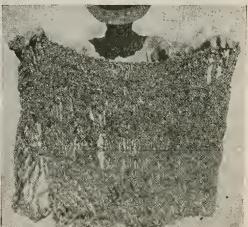
Charles L. Bernheimer, whose interest in the discoveries made in southern Utah has brought him back many times.



A cave-wall covered with the hieroglyphics which are common, showing that a record-keeping people once dwelt there.

est mummy, and in the picture is to be noted the beads, shoes, weapons, carrier and other treasures which were buried with the venerable old person now dug up and photographed—for the first time in his life.

[Continued on page 306]



Robe of another period.

The Essentials of Public Speaking

III

By

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The Audience



A. Character of the audience.
THE purpose of these paragraphs is not to tell you something you do not know, but

to call to your attention many facts which you know but do not heed; hence resultant distress, embarrassment and loss of speech efficiency.

The audience is a receptive medium. It both looks and listens. It ranges in kind from the ideal and the discriminating, through the aimless, careless and indifferent to the actively unfriendly and hostile. But for the most part an audience is a plastic group of individuals ready to be entertained, instructed, inspired, convinced, persuaded or excited as the skill of the speaker may direct.

WHEN the question of the audience is suggested to the beginner, he is immediately disturbed, but such disturbance is quite unnecessary, if one understands what an audience really is. An audience is not merely a number of people, six, fifty, or a hundred, but it is a group of individual persons, who are constituted pretty much the same as the speaker. In other words, the average audience is sympathetic, helpful, and usually in accord with the speaker. Forget that you are speaking to a mass of strange creatures—you are not. You are speaking to fellow individuals.

In a single conversation, you direct your attention to one person, while in speaking to an audience you are speaking to many

- A. The character of the audience.
- B. How to gain and hold the attention of the audience.
- C. How to impress and persuade the audience.
- 1. Special devices. Factors of interest and entertainment.

individual persons. In other words, if you would but consider your speech as heightened conversation, you would proceed with greater ease.

Adapt yourself to the things that the audience is familiar with and the events in which it is interested. The admonition is not "Feed my giraffes," but "Feed my sheep." Put yourself in harmony with the literary, social, or economic outlook of people whom you are addressing; and always remember that really to succeed as a speaker you must master their class.

YOU must not only learn how to adapt yourself to your audience, but you must also learn how to read your audience. There is an audience psychology that the trained speaker learns to recognize, and which you, too, can learn to know. As a rule the audience reacts in some way to the speaker, favorable or otherwise,—and the professional lecturer can read, or almost feel, whether his audience

is responsive. Your audience is the safest barometer of your success or failure as a public speaker. There are some unmistakable signs in the audience which should plainly indicate whether or not your message is creating a favorable impression. The most distressing signal from an audience to the speaker is the scowl of disapproval; but that facial expression may reveal a world of thought. Perhaps something that you have said has disgusted or displeased a member of your audience, and he gives this indication of his feeling. You must shift your speech, or change it, modify it, or explain yourself sufficiently to regain that person's confidence. If his confidence is not regained, then you must establish your position so positively that there will be no doubt in his mind as to the truth of your statements.

Through your wide knowledge of the subject and because of your insight into the prejudices of this particular audience, you seek for some common ground upon which all may stand for the moment. Here you deftly emphasize the agreements that exist in the case and minimize the differences. You promote good will and sympathetic contact; you magnify all the common interests and advantages; that both share and profit from; you temporarily abandon all references that would "start an argument" and serve largely to arouse opposition; you make no effort to prove that they are wrong, but lead them tactfully to realize that you are right; you do not attempt to correct them, but invite them to "come, let us take counsel together, that we may best see what can be done." It is the technic of starting with agreements instead of differences. In short, do not of-

fend the pride or awaken the pugnacity of a "touchy" audience. Constantly you read the people in front of you by the expressions on their faces. A laugh, a frown, a favorable response, an intense face, are all reactions to your speech. But of all the facial expressions, the one that registers no interest whatever is the most trying to the speaker. This is the "unardonable sin" to any speaker, but such an expression may be an indication that the speech or speaker may be uninteresting.

AN observant speaker will take the hint, realizing that such indifference may be overcome by showing that auditor how the subject under discussion affects him individually—how it has affected him in the past or will affect him in the immediate future. Suppose you are speaking to farmers on the new tariff rates on goods imported from Canada, an apathetic listener might be quickly aroused to keen attention when he is shown that Canadians are retaliating by such a high duty on beet sugar that his own little crop will bring less than one half the price it fetched before such a new tariff went into effect. This may mean the foreclosure of the mortgage on his farm!

In the next place, in addressing any audience, you must remember that you are speaking to them all. It is a bad policy to pick out a single member of an audience and speak to that person only. Every one in the room is entitled to your attention, and your eyes should comprehend the whole. This may be very elementary but there is something very annoying in having a speaker center his whole attention on just one person.

If possible, never show chagrin. Make the best of a disappointing situation. The audience can detect your annoyance, and it always will detract from what you say. A well-poised speaker is a joy to the audience and poise is something that you can develop. If something goes amiss in the audience, or if someone leaves the room, learn either to ignore the disturbance, or else, if it is necessary to say anything, not to make remarks derogatory to the situation. It is quite annoying to have anything happen while you are speaking, but it is much worse for the speaker to make some unpleasant re-

mark regarding the event. A speaker may be unfortunate enough to forget his speech, bearing, poise, and even manners, because something in the audience goes wrong. But if you are able to rise above such personal mishaps your audience will appreciate you all the more.

Gist of Public Speaking

1. Choose the definite response. Ask yourself "To what purpose am I speaking?"
2. Consider the audience, its habits, its backgrounds, its prejudices.
3. Phrase the demand for the desired response into an compelling proposition.
4. To support this proposition select main heads which touch off the "springs of response" in your audience.
5. Arrange these main heads in the most effective order for your audience.
6. Develop each main head according to the attitude of the audience toward the idea.
7. Express your thoughts in the most effective possible style; vivid, energetic, moving, rhythmic.

B. How to gain and hold the attention of the audience.

C. How to impress and to persuade the audience.

YOU have reached the point where you have the speech organized, you have suggestions as to delivery, you are now ready to transmit the contents of that speech to an audience, to make them think and feel as you do. How will you gain and hold their attention? How will you impress and persuade them, how will you guide their emotions and judgment? This will depend upon your knowledge of people and your skill in utilizing the commonly accepted principles of psychology. Or to put it quite plainly your sense and your common-sense.¹ Unfortunately human nature does not respond as often as it should to purely logical or "rational" mo-

¹H. A. Overstreet, *Influencing Human Behavior*, People's Institute Pub. Co., N. Y., 1925. W. D. Scott, *Psychology of Public Speaking*, Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge, N. Y., 1906.

tives, for deep down within us all is a maze of submerged motives that twist and pull our reason strangely awry. They are rooted in our selfish interests, our purely personal emotions, our own ardent desires, our ignorances and our prejudices. To overcome these, or at least to keep them as inactive as possible in opposition to his particular cause, the speaker exerts his own powers of courtesy, fairness and tact. He will try to mould these separated individuals into a "crowd" by such simple devices as having them sit closer together, sit nearer him, wear common symbols such as badges, engage in some ritual, reading in unison, singing a thrilling song (or give the "college yell"). He will appeal to self and community interests; common desires for supremacy, leadership, reputation, happiness, profit—all that lies inherent in the spirit of rivalry; or he will appeal to the loftier motives of honor, duty, and idealism. Common sense, no less than psychology, tells us that such appeals must be made practical and concrete, not given in lifeless abstractions; that they must be spiced with narrative, adventure, suspense, and humor.

But, after all, the most important requirement is a whole-hearted sincerity. Too much can not be said of the need of such a motto as, "Be Sincere." Remember, that unless you are absolutely in accord with the statements you make, you are wasting time because your hearers can not and will not believe that in which you as a speaker show hesitancy and doubt. Be alive! Assume an active attitude towards your audience as if you were glad and eager to bring your words to them. Accept the responsibility of leadership. Do not become passive, as if you were saying words simply because you had something to say and wished to get it off your mind. Can you not recall many speakers who were dull and monotonous, merely because they showed no vitality, no active interest either in their speech or in the audience? Show earnestness and enthusiasm.

Every gesture, every movement of the speaker while on the platform must be in keeping with his mental attitude. In other words, if you have the inclination to use your hands or walk about, do so; but do not make a movement of

any kind unless your mind consciously directs it. Use your imagination and appear on the platform as if you were talking to a group of friends. You do not wish to appear artificial to them, therefore, use the same principle in facing an audience. Stand easily, move about the platform freely, and speak easily.

WE hear much about the personality of a speaker, that something which electrifies the audience and holds their attention to the last word. What is personality? We may say that it is a natural instinct or an inner quality which colors the speaker's utterances with individuality and power. It is magnetism, which stamps the success of an individual in whatever he may attempt, whether on the platform or in business. It is the sum of all those qualities which make him different from all others. It is certain that one can not force an alien personality. But that which may be momentarily dormant within you will surely reveal itself. If the audience is more conscious of the speaker's "efforts" than of what he has to tell them, then the speaker has lost their confidence because he has exploited a personality. Therefore, while your manner should be active and vital, nevertheless, your words, gestures and movements must be in keeping with the thought you are trying to bring to your audience.

You may impress an audience by a pleasing appearance, a pleasing voice, a gracious manner and yet not be able to persuade them. For the art of persuasion comes not only from the application of the technic of voice, gesture and delivery, but also from good sound judgment and farsightedness. After persuading yourself into an iron-bound conviction, you will attempt to sway your hearers to this same viewpoint. The first step here is the power of analysis. You must be a logical and consistent thinker. For example, if you wish to move your audience to contribute toward a relief fund, you may persuade by appealing to their judgment by the logical presentation of facts in a convincing manner. Or, you may persuade by an appeal to their emotions. In which case you will emphasize the dire necessity of such action by awakening their sympathies.

THE speaker should constantly analyze his audience, determine where their interests are and adapt his speech accordingly. It is highly important for the speaker to be able to sense the attitude of his audience. It may be that your hearers show a lack of interest and are restless. You must be quick

Analyze Yourself

Did your audience lose confidence in you because of lapse of memory which seems to indicate inadequate preparation?

Did they lose interest in you because they could not hear or understand your words?

Did they grow restless because you were monotonous?

Did you fail to offer them a common bond of interest?

Did you offend them by exaggeration and ranting?

Did you plunge along too rapidly?

Did you speak as if there were no real need of your speech?

Did you overwhelm your audience with your own personality? Drown them out?

Were you melancholy rather than serious?

Were you foolish rather than humorous?

and alert to feel this, and gain their attention. This may be accomplished by a specific illustration or by injecting a little humor. In other words, take your audience into your personal confidence, and they will confide in you. We all enjoy a good story; we are happy to find a little originality in the speaker's methods of expression. Analyze your ideas, see that they are not narrow, and give an individual touch to them. Avoid, if possible, hackneyed expressions, time-worn examples.

A pleasing manner, pleasing voice, good vocabulary, well-organized speech, are the tools of the speaker. In order to use these tools most efficiently, study yourself, find your weak points, and strengthen them. Be observant! Watch the people you meet everywhere, for after all, speeches are made by people, about people, for people.

John Ruskin "lighted the seven lamps of Architecture to guide the

steps of the architect into the worthy practice of his art;" Goldwin Smith did like service for the writer of fiction, likewise William Brigance has lighted seven lamps for the guidance of speakers.² They are the gist of a whole text on speaking.

1. Choose the definite response. Ask yourself "To what purpose am I speaking?"

2. Consider the audience—its habits, its backgrounds, its prejudices.

3. Phrase the demand for the desired response into an impelling proposition.

4. To support this proposition select main heads which touch off the "springs of response" in your audience.

5. Arrange these main heads in the most effective order for your audience.

6. Develop each main head according to the attitude of the audience toward the idea.

7. Express your thoughts in the most effective possible style; vivid, energetic, moving, rhythmic.

Analyze Yourself, Your Speech, Your Audience

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Did you overwhelm your audience with your own personality? Drown them out?

Were you melancholy rather than serious?

Were you foolish rather than humorous?

Analyze Your Speech.

Did your audience lose confidence in your speech because it was illogical or fantastical or exaggerated?

²W. N. Brigance, *The Spoken Word*, F. S. Crofts & Co., N. Y., 1927.

Was the audience wondering what you were driving at?"

Did your speech lack climax, highlights, real emphatic moments?

Was it too general? Too empty of concrete applications? Didn't it tie up to anything?"

Was it monotonous in diction?

Was it a mere torrent of words?

Analyze Your Audience.

Was your audience distracted by any extraneous noise or discomfort, or by any personal mannerism of your own?

If you can not prevent these, then your remedy lies in reinforcing your ideas by repetition, reiteration, piling up effects, more ample and concrete illustrations, use of figures of speech, testimony, quotations, startling figures, or change of vocal emphasis.

Helpful Books for Speakers

L. E. Bassett, *Handbook of Oral Reading*, Houghton Mifflin Co., N. Y., 1917.
W. N. Brigance, *The Spoken Word*, F. S. Crofts & Co., N. Y., 1927.

John Dolman, *Handbook of Public Speaking*, Harcourt, Brace & Co., N. Y., 1922.

R. I. Fulton and T. C. Trueblood, *Practical Elocution*, Ginn & Co., N. Y., 1893.

H. H. Higgins, *Influencing Behavior Through Speech*, Expression Co., Boston, 1930.

H. A. Overstreet, *Influencing Human Behavior*, People's Institute Pub. Co., N. Y., 1925.

A. E. Phillips, *Effective Speaking*, Newton Co., Chicago, 1908.

W. D. Scott, *Psychology of Public Speaking*, Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge, N. Y., 1906.

Robt. West, *Purposive Speaking*, Macmillan Co., N. Y., 1924.

Woolbert and Weaver, *Better Speech*, Harcourt, Brace & Co., N. Y., 1922.

The speakers in your community are also the leaders!

General Preparation Through Learning to Understand Human Nature

FOR a writer, a knowledge of his subject may be sufficient, but for a speaker there must be added a further knowledge of the wants, ideas, ambitions, prejudices—the "human nature"—of the people to whom he talks.

Speech involves human contact, and the successful speaker forgets the "I" outlook and devotes his efforts towards comprehending the "you" attitude. He must have the imagination to re-see the scheme of things from the other

man's point of view, and the sympathy to relieve a situation, a crisis, with the other man's bias ever before him. And yet quite recently "a United States Senator chased his random thoughts upon our foreign policy around and around without ever giving his farmer-audience a single hint as to why they should be interested in American foreign affairs!"

The study of humanity begins with the study of man, or indeed, with one's self; and the effort should be reinforced by the pursuit of the science of psychology.³ Search your soul for the foundations and sincerity of your opinions. If these are rock-ribbed, there grows up a reasonable self-confidence which is the result of mental self-reliance and mental self-respect. This is immediately apparent in your posture, your poise, your tones, your resourcefulness. All of this is reflected in the consequent attitude of the audience both toward you and your subject. Such self-assurance as this comes from knowing; conceit comes from ignorance.

PUBLIC speaking reaches the climax of effectiveness when every faculty is alert. Every nerve tingles, the blood surges, the muscles tense. There is a peculiar interchange of spirit between speaker and audience, call it "audience contact," or what you will! If you are master of the occasion, which is not likely to happen except through adequate preparation, all of that restrained force, sometimes called (or rather mis-called) "nervousness" will translate itself into speech energy, just as a race horse changes his wild eagerness

³There are so many "schools" of psychology we refrain from specific references. A suggestive treatment will be found in H. A. Overstreet, *Influencing Human Behavior*, N. Y., People's Institute Pub. Co., 1925. D. McCaslin, *Reaching Other Minds*, N. Y., Knopf, 1928.

into assured speed. Do not allow yourself to be appalled by a sudden access of nervous force. To understand it as an expected phenomenon that is curbed by a steady self-control is to master and to utilize it.

In understanding human nature one makes, maintains and honestly enjoys many and varied human relationships. You must mix with your fellows; live in familiar daily contact with them; participate in their enterprises and amusements; share in their joys and their sorrows, taking and giving the customary sarcasms, chaffings, rebuffs and rewards of life. If you can't do this, you can not hope to gain a sympathetic hearing from people. If you can't share whole-heartedly in the life of your community, then go off by yourself and be a genius; you positively can not become a practical public speaker. From daily contact with people you will get your most dynamic speech hints and methods, which can electrify your speech material. Remember this—men who are aliens are generally considered foes.

Summary

PERSONALITY, magnetism, charm, power, are all subtly rooted in human understanding and sympathy. Let these simple virtues become sterile in your disposition and your speech is likely to turn sour. Henry Ward Beecher repeatedly emphasized this: "A man may know the Bible from the day of Augustine to the day of Dr. Taylor, and if he does not understand human nature he is not fit to preach. * * * A man who has struggled out from between the stones of a farm and has fought his way through school with the pity of everybody—a pity which might well be spared, because it was God's training—has a fine education for practical life, because he knows men. * * * Besides this general knowledge we are to have, we should take kindly to individual men, for the very purpose of studying them. Now, I take great delight in riding on the top of an omnibus with the driver and talking with him. * * * I recognize in him an element of brotherhood—that great human element which lies underneath all culture, which is more unusual and more important than all spe-



cial attributes, which is the great generic bond of humanity between man and man."⁴

D. General preparation through systematic methods.

1. *Informal conversation. Attentive listening.*

⁴H. W. Beecher, *Yale Lectures*, I, pp. 85-97.

2. *Deliberate arrangement of conversational material.*

3. *Formal discussion. (Merely enlarged conversation).*

4. *Constructive criticism of content, style, delivery.*

5. *Unremitting practice.*

THE basis from which to build up skill in public speaking is informal conversation. Sensible,

constructive conversation is fashioned from personal reflection and experience plus that gained from others through their written or oral narratives—one just naturally talks such material over with other people. If you want to find out about crops, talk with well-informed and practical farmers; if

[Continued on page 312]



Song of the Outlaw Horse

By HARRISON R. MERRILL

I've heard the hiss of the horse-hair rope—

I've felt the sting of the noose;

I've had the Cowboy blast my hope,

And I've sometimes struggled loose!

I've heard his yell,

I've felt his spell,

But if ever I get free

I'll balm the hurt

Of his spurs and quirt

In the sage of a sand-waved sea!

I've breathed the dust of the broncho corral—

I've snorted out my fear!

I've felt the snub-rope's strength compel,

And the Twister teeth my ear!

The horse-hair cinch

Has made me flinch,

But I'm still untamed and wild!

I've never quit—

I'll not submit!—

I'm the West's unconquered child!



IT is a great thing to be well born. No better heritage can come to a child than to have believing blood in its veins—an ancestral background of faith in the Almighty and devotion to righteousness. Young as he is, the babe in this picture, Lafayette Robert Anderson, has cause for pride, primarily in his enviable ancestry.

Not many children can boast of having its two parents, four grandparents, and eight great-grandparents living at the same time. Even then it would be rare indeed to have them available for a group picture such as is here presented. But rarer even than to find them living and available would be to see them in complete accord as to life's purpose, all with a common objective. The group is composed of devoted Latter-day Saints, and it is worthy of note that all the mothers have been or now are active workers in the Relief Society.

Consider the four great-grandfathers. George H. Brimhall, President Emeritus of the Brigham Young University, is known and loved throughout the Church because of the influence he has exerted upon so many lives in his school work and in the M. I. A. with which he has been so closely associated.

Another, Lafayette Holbrook, is a man of affairs with an excellent business record. In the Church, too, he has often been weighed in the balance and never found wanting.

Lewis Anderson, likewise a great-grandfather, is president of the Manti temple, and this position stamps him as a man of unblemished purity and deep spirituality.

An Unusual Group

Another great-grandparent, Peter Munk, a descendant of the royal house of Denmark, has been a pioneer in redeeming the desert and making of it a suitable abiding place for his people. In the early days he made several trips east with ox teams to bring in companies of Saints.

The four great-grandmothers have been no whit behind their husbands in integrity, and the eight average 80 years of age. The grandparents are equally faithful.

Mrs. Alsina Brimhall Holbrook, the lady standing on the extreme left of the picture, is a firm believer in the ancient Mosaic law, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land." Also, as is the case with all true Latter-day Saints, she loves her posterity. These reasons prompted her to send, apologetically, to the *Improvement Era* the unusual picture presented herewith.

The proud mother of the babe in the picture was, herself, a child of promise. Forty-eight years ago her great-grandfather, George W. Brimhall, a patriarch in the Church, laid his hands upon Alsina Holbrook's

head, telling her that her first-born should be a son and her second, a daughter, who should be named after Rachel, the first love of Jacob of old. This young mother is the promised Rachel. Some inspiring promises were made about the first-born son, which are now being fulfilled. He is a graduate of the B. Y. U., and this spring will take his degree from Stanford.

On the bottom row, reading from left to right, is the great grandfather President Emeritus, George Henry Brimhall, with his wife, Flora Roberta Brimhall; Robert Clair Anderson, father, and Rachel Holbrook Anderson, mother; Lafayette Robert Anderson, babe; Eunice Brown Munk and Peter Munk, great-grandparents.

Top row, reading from left to right are Alsina Brimhall Holbrook and Lafayette Hinckley Holbrook, grandparents; Emily A. Hinckley Holbrook and Lafayette Holbrook, great-grandparents; Mary A. Crowther Anderson and Manti Temple President Lewis Anderson, great-grandparents; Clara Munk Anderson and Stake President Lewis Robert Anderson, grandparents. The picture was taken with the Manti Temple as a background.

In addition to its ancestry shown in the picture, this babe had as great-grandparents Patriarch George W. Brimhall, who made the remarkable promise already referred to, and Ira N. Hinckley, one of the stalwarts of pioneer days who presided for many years over Millard Stake and did so much for the physical development of the land and the spiritual growth of the people.

"Why not look out for yourself. The name is important as well as the game."

Do We Pay?

By

ROBINSON S. HAND

Illustrated by

Fielding K. Smith



IF you happen to be in the south end of the public health office, talking to James Wheaton, assistant health director of a western city and county, you may not at first be aware of the presence of the office girl. But behind the grating that separates the two parts of the room, you hear the click of a typewriter. Drawing nearer you see the typewriter itself. On it you discern two white hands, playing—playing the keys.

You watch these hands a moment and see that they are a premier bit of art of that esthete, Mother Nature. Gradually as you advance, the girl's figure comes into view and you see it is all concordant in mould and contour with the hands. Lastly the face. The beauty of it makes you straighten up and draw a deep breath.

SHE sees you, stops typing and turns soft, dark eyes upon you and you look into their mellow depths. Just for a moment. Then you hear her say politely but business-like:

"Have you something to report?"

You shake off the spell and remember yourself.

"Oh yes," you stammer.

She picks up a pencil.

"It's the stork," you blunder in your confusion.

"Boy or girl?" she asks and writes down your answer.

"Your name and the mother's maiden name?" she propounds, then writes.

"Please take this slip," continues she, "and have your doctor fill in the other blanks and sign it. Then return it to this office."

YOU take the proffered paper and stride sheepishly (or proudly—I don't know which) out of the office. Furthermore, you highly resolve to have something to report often to the public health office, if it's only that your mother-in-law has the measles. And you won't report it by telephone either.

You dare not think such a thought out loud, not even to yourself when no one's looking, for you recall that you are already married, and happily.

Besides, Alois Growsall, the secretary girl, is already gone—not spoken for—but gone, has sur-

rendered secretly in her own heart—to James Wheaton, the assistant health director. He does not know of this surrender and therefore dares not speak. Perchance he may never know. Perhaps he does not care. She can not tell. She has known him too short a time. Besides he is too busy, just now—fighting—

planning — working — to "put over" public health measures, to transform an outworn, visionless, health department into a vital and powerful engine for the protection of life and health.

II.

AAT the foot of a mountain six miles from this city lives the county commissioner with the clipped, iron-gray moustache. He is the kind of county commissioner who bosses the people when influential citizens get through bossing him. And if there is an officer to appoint, he wants to be sure one is appointed who will enforce the laws, if at all, with a deft, velvety touch.

In the appointment of James Wheaton as assistant health director of the city and county, a great mistake was made in this regard. This blunder came about on the initiative of the slightly moustached commissioner.

Wheaton was a college graduate who had been educated to do his duty while in public office, but the commissioner thought Wheaton would fail to do his duty in such a refined and cultured way that

many votes, at the next election, would be attracted to the incumbents of the office of county commissioner.

The new assistant health director, then, was guilty of the uncatholicity of wanting to benefit communities. He found himself working under a chief health director who was one of the most gifted and talented public servants for revenue only to be found in officialdom. He was exhibit AAME. This is not a radio station, but means Always Afraid of Making Enemies. He could discourse the sweetest to law violators, excuse the neatest, most conscientious or unconscious, objectors to enforcement, locomote the fleetest from a place where his presence was needed and fall down the flattest when plans for future work should have been devised.

THIS public health director expected to go into a private practice as a physician when he could no longer get the public to pay him \$4000.00 a year to protect his business friends from the public. For this pestiferous public was liable at any time to raise "a holler" against dispensers of food who continually ignored regulations as to sanitation. The friendly director never was known to enter the town library, theatres, or other public buildings to suggest to those in charge that the lexicon contained the word "ventilation." For these buildings had managers, and AAME was friendly to everybody, especially managers, who stood to become some of his best patrons when later he should go into private practice.

In short, to make a tame story tamer, Dr. Sunlow was a very popular public administrator, who thought the best way to remain popular was not to "administrate."

And so, when an assistant health director of the type of James Wheaton was appointed, it was easy to see that serious trouble was in the offing.

Feeling sorry he had blundered in the appointment of the assistant health director, County Commissioner Growsall repented of his sins and agreed with his adversary quickly while he was in the way thereof. His adversary had been Dr. Sunlow, AAME, who advised him at the start not to appoint a trained public service worker for

an assistant. Dangerous! Thus Commissioner Growsall and Dr. Sunlow "cooked up" a little pact that if the latter would "swing" certain votes to the former's support at the next election, he would see that the troublesome assistant was not re-appointed at the end of the year. Growsall made a sim-

ilar office. But don't think a woman of character objects to fighting spirit in a man, for it is only flavor for her soup, provided it's not the swash-buckling brand of fighting spirit.

"You have made a slight error in the letter," she heard him saying a moment after he began reading the typed sheet. "But I believe I can correct it with my pen."

"By no means," she replied. "Please let me do it."

She read the sentence in which the slip of typewriter keys had played havoc. She laughed, saying:

"How stupid of me."

He laughed, too, observing philosophically:

"We all make our little mistakes."



JAMES WHEATON

ilar "dicker" with other influential men in the county who did not like law enforcement—except on the other fellow.

III.

WILL you take a letter, Miss Growsall?" said James Wheaton coming into the public health office and addressing himself to the secretary.

"Certainly." She took up her pencil and opened a stenographer's dictation book. She always responded promptly to Wheaton's request for secretarial service. Hers was the type of mind that absorbs knowledge, culture and appreciation of humor and high service alike, whether inside college doors or outside. Her admiration for the assistant health director, in the brave fight he was making, increased from the beginning of their acquaintance till now. "Admiration" is just cold nomenclature for her emotional reaction to him. Yet no hint of it had she allowed to appear through word or attitude. Fact is there were times when she was a little afraid of him. She had seen his fighting face a time or two since her advent

SHE noticed that the steely glint of a searching blue eye, which she had caught a glimpse of in his fighting face about a month ago, was nowhere to be seen now, but there was only a look of creature sympathy.

A rapid step approached and Dr. Sunlow, health director, entered and advanced briskly toward his desk. It was Sunlow's pride that he possessed "pep."

"I ran up against difficulties today, chief," began the assistant health director. "And I should like your advice and assistance."

Dr. Sunlow shuffled at his desk a moment then half turned toward Wheaton, without replying. The latter continued:

"The grocers and other dispensers of food in the east end of our county are resenting the fact that like business houses in this city are not required to take similar sanitary precautions. I am requiring there the very minimum for the safeguarding of the consumers' health. At any rate I am asking only what the Farm Bureau women have demanded and what you and I have consented to. I suggest, Dr. Sunlow, if we could get a health program worked out that would be fair to all, we could gain and hold the public support and still put over our measures."

Before the assistant was half way through speaking, Sunlow had turned away and begun searching for nothing among the papers on his desk. When the latter finished, the director's swivel chair again squeaked as Sunlow faced his helper and emitted this:

"You attend to your work in parts of the county that you are looking after and I'll attend to mine in this part."

"I am attempting to enforce these measures," replied James Wheaton evenly, "because the thinking people want them enforced. But we can't make it stick unless similar measures are required here."

"You will 'tend to your own business and I will 'tend to mine.'"

"If you will do that I shall be very thankful," said Wheaton, still without show of animosity.

"Furthermore," Sunlow spat out viciously, "one more interference from you and you or I will go over to the county commission and resign. And I guess you know whose resignation will be accepted." The speaker hustled out of the room.

WHEATON decided to swallow the rebuff. To resign would be easy, but to hang on till the fight for efficiency and service in a vital field was won, by the resignation of his chief and the appointment of a competent and honest physician, was not easy under the circumstances. But it must be done. He had put his hand to the plow and would not turn back.

"Not yet, at least," he said aloud, forgetting he had an auditor.

Alois Growsall ceased her typing, and as though picking up the thread of his thought, asked:

"But can you afford to sacrifice your feelings and prestige? The people will not appreciate it. Why not look out for yourself. The name is important as well as the game."

His answer came with equanimity and gentleness:

"Are there not enough people doing that without my joining the great army that are all the time looking out for themselves? I know the beneficiaries of this fight, the people, will not appreciate what I am trying to do but they need it and that is all I should remember."

He rose and left the room.

IV.

SAY, Dad," expostulated Alois Growsall at the family

domicile that night. "I hope you will work with the other county commissioners and see that Mr. Wheaton is reappointed at the end of the year."

"Sorry, my dear, but Mr. Wheaton will have to go," her father replied.

"What?" exclaimed Alois, drop-



THE COUNTY COMMISSIONER

ping a ball of crochet cotton from her lap.

"It's true," explained the official, fidgeting, "but why take it so seriously?" He winked at Mrs. Growsall. Alois again settled down to her needle art diversion.

"Because it's a serious matter," she countered.

"I hope it don't get so serious with our beloved daughter that she will want to annex the Wheaton name," he said, smiling, and eyeing the young lady keenly. "For Wheaton may not be enthusiastic about this family after the first of the year and then we'd have a broken-hearted little daughter on our hands."

This banter "unpoised" Alois but for a moment. Then she returned to the attack:

"Dad, I tell you Mr. Wheaton must be reappointed."

"It can't be done."

"Why?"

"Lack of harmony in the office. How could we hang Wheaton on Dr. Sunlow's neck again when he won't work in harmony with Sunlow?"

"I would change that language slightly," said the young lady, "and put it this way, 'Why hang Dr. Sunlow on to the public's neck, to draw a salary for chatting pleasantly about nothing to his friends?' I happen to know that Mr. Wheaton both desires and

tries to get along harmoniously not only with his chief, but with the people. Talking in a kindly way to all, he tries always to educate the other fellow to his point of view, explaining carefully the reasons for every step he takes. But after that he is firm in his demands, because that is what he's paid for."

"He should have more sense than to buck his superior officer."

HE does not consider he's bucking anybody. He merely makes suggestions for the good of the work, asks Dr. Sunlow's help in his problems and that the doctor will stand squarely behind him after he has carried out the doctor's own orders, instead of squirming and trying to fix the responsibility all on his assistant when trouble is made by objectors. Besides, from hints dropped by Mr. Wheaton in my hearing, he is determined to sacrifice himself, if need be, to bring about a real health service for your city and county. If he were to follow the near-do-nothing policy of his chief he could hold his position from year to year without any trouble, but he will not draw a salary without giving adequate service, as he expresses it. And if he loses his job, he hopes to attract enough attention among the best citizens that Sunlow himself will be forced to resign, either at the end of the present year or soon after, so that a competent and honest physician may be appointed."

"Why, my little girl, Dr. Sunlow seems to be well liked. Did y' see in last night's paper how the city commissioners and the employees of the police, fire and other departments had surprised him on his birthday with the gift of a fine shotgun and five hundred rounds of ammunition?"

"I saw that delectable bit of news," sneered his beautiful daughter, "and I boiled so much that I slopped over, to think what stunts the irony of fate will sometimes pull off." When Alois observed a particularly raw bit of injustice, she lapsed into her pre-high school slang vernacular.

IN your career as a politician, Dad, you also may have made a discovery." Mr. Growsall was always highly interested and

[Continued on page 222]

God's Fatherly Mercy and Love

Continued



By J. PERCY GODDARD

*Member of the
General Sunday School
Board*

LAST month we contrasted some of the teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith with the "Abominable Creeds" cited in the July and August *Eras*.

Our latter-day prophet taught that, through the atonement of Christ all but very few of the human family will receive some degree of salvation, and that, through the love and mercy of God, redemption will be extended to repentant souls beyond the grave. To those who accept the merciful propitiation provided by the Redeemer, and who yield obedience to his commandments, a most glorious exaltation is promised. As Paul says:

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things that God hath prepared for them that love him." (I Cor. 2:9.)

Instead of basing an appeal for righteousness on fear of merciless and endless punishment, "Mormonism" inspires in men an exalted opinion of their in-born potentialities and enlarges upon the transcendent glories awaiting the faithful. Christian orthodoxy, particularly that of a century and more ago, directed men's thoughts downward, exhorted men to contemplate the wretchedness of lost souls in the depths of hell. "Mormonism" directs man's vision upward to the highest heaven, there to contemplate the power and glory and exaltation to which children of a divine Father may attain through eons of progress.

The Father of the Spirits of All Men

IN the latter-day Gospel is restored the teaching that God is in a very literal sense the father of the spirits of men. These spirits had a premortal existence in which some were more obedient, and



some progressed much farther than others, and herein is found, in a measure, the explanation for the inequalities in the natures of humankind.

Let us notice a few teachings of the New Testament:

"Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God: therefore the world knoweth not us, because it knew him not."

"Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." (I John 3:1-2.)

"Furthermore we have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live?" (Heb. 12:9.)

"For in him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also his offspring."

"Forasmuch then as we are the off-

spring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device." (Acts 17:28-9.)

"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God:

"And if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together." (Rom. 8:16-17.)

WE believe that God loves his spirit children and desires above all their progress and eternal happiness.

What glorious incentive there is to noble living in this thought, that in ourselves is divinity in embryo! How strengthening the conviction that in us is a divine spirit which must not be defiled! Such doctrine immeasurably heightens our conception of the value of a human soul, and inspires great and noble character, for assuredly high aims and a high regard for self are essential to noble aspiration.

In the light of our doctrine of the literal fatherhood of God this exhortation of the Master becomes more than a figure of speech: "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." (Matt. 5:48.)

Our critics tell us that our conception debases the Almighty, but when properly conceived this is not true. We would not make him less powerful or less perfect, but we would infinitely dignify man's conception of his own inner nature and potentialities. It is not that we as individuals would boast. We humbly acknowledge our human frailties and limitations. But witness the growth and progress between the cradle and the grave of the wisest of men, and, given eternities in which to evolve hereafter, who will undertake to set bounds for the attainments of an immortal soul? "Behold, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

Many Mansions in Father's Kingdom

THE Savior taught, "In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you." (John 14:2.)

The restored Gospel teaches that all humanity will be resurrected from the dead, either "unto the resurrection of life," or "unto the resurrection of judgment," or as Paul says, "There shall be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and unjust." (Acts. 24:15.) "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." (I. Cor. 15:22.) Just as universal as is death, so universal shall be also the resurrection brought about through the atoning sacrifice of the Lord Jesus.

However, in the resurrection, men shall rise to receive the rewards merited by their lives on earth, some being prepared to enter at once the course of everlasting progress, while others will suffer a just judgment for the evil deeds done in the flesh.

"There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another.

"There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: for one star differeth from another star in glory.

"So also is the resurrection of the dead." (I. Cor. 15:40-42.)

This brief passage from the writings of Paul is beautifully enlarged upon in the seventy-sixth section of the Doctrine and Covenants, in which the "glory of the sun" is designated as the celestial glory or kingdom, the "glory of the moon" as the terrestrial glory, and the "glory of the stars" as the celestial glory.

Celestial Glory

REGARDING those who shall inherit celestial glory Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon declare:

"We saw the glory and the inhabitants of the celestial world, that they were as innumerable as the stars in the firmament of heaven, or as the sand upon the sea shore;

"And heard the voice of the Lord, saying

"Glory to God on high!
Let heav'n and earth reply,
Praise ye his name!
His love and grace adore,
Who all our sorrows bore;
Sing aloud evermore,
Worthy the Lamb."

—these all shall bow the knee, and every tongue shall confess to him who sits upon the throne for ever and ever;

"For they shall be judged according to their works, and every man shall receive according to his own works, his own dominion, in the mansions which are prepared:

"And they shall be servants of the Most High: but where God and Christ dwell they cannot come, worlds without end." (Doc. and Cov. 76:109-112.)

As to who shall inherit this lesser state of glory we are informed that they are the wicked among mankind who, after they shall have been justly punished for their evil deeds, shall be redeemed from the power of Satan, and shall take such places in our Father's "mansions" as they are prepared to enjoy. "These are they who suffer the wrath of God on earth * * * who are cast down to hell and suffer the wrath of Almighty God, until the fulness of times, when Christ shall have subdued all enemies under his feet, and shall have perfected his work." (Doc. and Cov. 76:103-106.)

In this kingdom there are innumerable degrees or conditions as varied even as the lustre of the stars in the heavens. "These are they who received not the Gospel of Christ, neither the testimony of Jesus, * * * who shall not be redeemed from the devil until the

last resurrection, * * * who receive not of his fulness in the eternal world, but of the Holy Spirit through the ministration of the terrestrial." (Doc. and Cov. 76: 82-86.)

Terrestrial Glory

AS to the second kingdom of glory we read: "These are they whose glory differs from that of the church of the Firstborn who have received the fulness of the Father, even as that of the moon differs from the sun in the firmament. These are they who died without law, who are the spirits of men kept in prison, whom the Son visited, and preached the gospel unto them, that they might be judged according to men in the flesh; who receive not the testimony of Jesus in the flesh but who afterwards receive it, * * * who are honorable men of the earth, who were blinded by the craftiness of men, * * * who receive of his glory, but not of his fulness, * * * who receive of the presence of the Son, but not of the fulness of the Father, * * * who are not valiant in the testimony of Jesus; wherefore, they obtain not the crown over the kingdom of our God." (Doc. and Cov. 76:71-79.)

From the last verse quoted above it will be evident that those who profess to be followers of the Christ but who are not "valiant" shall find their place in the terrestrial kingdom, and doubtless many other professed believers will find their places among the wicked in the celestial kingdom. "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity." (Matt. 7:22-23.)

Those who attain to the terrestrial glory will be overwhelmed by the privileges which, through divine love and mercy, they shall be permitted to enjoy; and their punishment, if



THE SALT LAKE TEMPLE AT NIGHT

such it can be designated, for failure to become, while in the flesh, obedient followers of the Christ, will be their realization of the infinitely greater powers and glories which might have been theirs had they possessed the faith and humility to accept the bounties offered freely to the obedient.

Celestial Glory and Exaltation

THOSE who attain to celestial glory shall enjoy the sublime presence of God the Father and, under conditions immeasurably more favorable than on earth, shall go on to perfection, ever increasing in wisdom and power.

A man must do more than live an honorable and virtuous life to entitle him to enter celestial glory and exaltation. "Honorable men of the earth" will be splendidly and gloriously rewarded in the terrestrial kingdom where they shall receive more than they can possibly claim as their just reward. But no human can live a life good enough and pure enough to earn for himself celestial glory in the presence of our Infinite Father. Only by the grace of the Christ are such sublime and exalted privileges placed within our reach.

The Christ not only broke the bonds of death unconditionally for all humanity, the just and the unjust, but also by his redeeming sacrifice he purchased pardon and propitiation for individual sin. Such pardon is offered conditionally. The conditions are faith in Christ and humble obedience to the simple requirements laid down by him who, by his sacrifice, purchased celestial glory for those of erring humanity who will believe in him and keep his laws.

"He (Jesus) is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world. And hereby do we know that we know him, if we keep his commandments." (I John 2: 2-3.)

"And being made perfect, he became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey him." (Heb. 5:9.)

Isaiah, previewing the mission of the Christ says:

"He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. * * * He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. * * * The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." (Isaiah 53:4-6.)

"For behold, I, God, have suffered these things for all, that they might not suffer

if they would repent; but if they would not repent they must suffer even as I; which suffering caused myself, even God, the greatest of all, to tremble because of me, and bleed at every pore." (Doc. and Cov. 19:16-18.)

Part of the vision of the celestial kingdom given to Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon they were commanded not to write. We read: "Great and marvelous are the works of the Lord, and the mysteries of his kingdom which he showed unto us, which surpass all understanding in glory, and in might, and in dominion; * * * and are not lawful for man to utter; neither is man capable to make them known, for they are only to be seen and understood by the power of the Holy Spirit, which God bestows on those who love him, and purify themselves before him." (Doc. and Cov. 76: 114-116.)

Admitting the inadequacy of human language they portray, in part, the celestial kingdom, and name those who shall attain to it, as follows:

"They are they who received the testimony of Jesus, and believed on his name and were baptized after the manner of his burial, * * * that by keeping the commandments they might be washed and cleansed from all their sins. * * * They are they who are the church of the First-born, * * * into whose hands the Father has given all things, * * * who are priests and kings, who have received of his fulness, and of his glory, * * * wherefore it is written they are gods, even the sons of God. * * * These are they who are just men made perfect through Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, who wrought out this perfect atonement through the shedding of his own blood." (Doc. and Cov. 76:51-69.)

"All these are Gods, or sons of God; they are the Kings, Princes, Priests and

Nobles of Eternity. But over them all there is a Presidency or Grand Head, who is the Father of all. And next to him is Jesus Christ, the eldest son, and first heir of all the realms of light.

"Every person knows, by reflection, that intelligence may be imparted without diminishing the store possessed by the giver. Therefore it follows, that millions of individual beings may each receive all the attributes of eternal life, and light, and power.

"Again it follows, that in the use of this power, by consent and authority of the Head, any one of these gods may create, organize, people, govern, control, exalt, glorify, and enjoy worlds on worlds, and the inhabitants thereof; or, in other words, each of them can find room in the infinitude of space, and unoccupied chaotic elements in the boundless storehouse of eternal riches, with which to erect for himself thrones, principalities and powers, over which to reign in still increasing might, majesty and dominion, for ever and ever.

"All these kingdoms, together with their Kings, are in subordination to the great Head and Father of all, and to Jesus Christ the First-born, and first heir among the Sons of God.

"All these kingdoms, with all their intelligences, are so many acquisitions to his dominion who is Lord of lords and King of kings, and of whom it is written by the Prophet Isaiah, 'Of the increase of his kingdom there shall be no end.'

"All these are so many colonies of our race, multiplied, extended, transplanted, and existing for ever and ever, as occupants of the numberless planetary systems which do now exist, or which will roll into order and be peopled by the operations of the Holy Spirit, in obedience to the mandates of the sons of God." (Key to *Theology*, pages 40-41.)

Thus "Mormonism" directs our thoughts upward to glories and dominions indescribable. Having in mind an eternity of progress, it sets for man the highest of all ultimate goals, the perfection, intelligence, might, and majesty of Godhood.

Do We Pay?

[Continued from page 279]

attentive to his daughter's conversation. "And that is, that often public officials who really deserve the least are lauded the highest by friends and half-baked newspapers, while those who are doing the big work may not be noticed at all."

"You said a tubful of truth that time," her father assured her, speaking as one with authority.

"No doubt Dr. Sunlow has friends enough. That's what makes the situation so serious. Such a man is very hard to bounce. How could he help having shoals of friends when he's the champion

boot-licker of the city hall, on the sidewalk, in clubrooms, everywhere. It seems to me his time is largely passed, talking baby teeth to mothers, chatting nothings to one of the commissioners or in the fire department, arguing dogs and guns at the police station. No wonder his friends presented him with a shotgun and ammunition! Where a man's heart is, there he wants his play-things to be," she continued, taking liberties with the scriptures. "Not that good men don't go hunting. But I have reason to believe that Dr. Sunlow's heart is almost en-

tirely outside of his work. I once happened to hear him admit that he wasn't cut out for the profession of medicine at all and much less for administering public health work. He always wanted to be a dog-trainer, he said."

Mr. Growsall nodded his head, massaged his moustache, and observed:

"We have had reason to suspect that Sunlow is not over-qualified for the job."

THEN why let him kick Wheaton out before he himself gets the high sign to resign?" she remonstrated. "I know that while Sunlow's time has mostly been spent in small talk and bootlicking, yet it hasn't all been for nothing. He has continually knocked Mr. Wheaton by dropping hints. Mr. Wheaton on the other hand has all along tried to observe what he calls professional ethics and has said nothing to anyone to queer the doctor. This much he has told me. I know he has never breathed a word to me against Dr. Sunlow. However, it has come to a time when he must speak out, I think, and tell commissioners and a few leading people just what the situation is so that the work he has started may not be lost, that he or others who can see and at the same time have a little conscience, may carry it on. The kitchens of cafes and bakeries and the storerooms of grocers and meat-markets may be dangerously insanitary and the people as ignorant of the fact as they are carefree till epidemics arrive, as they did last spring, partly through insanitation and partly through laxity of quarantine enforcement. As to the city commissioners, they are business men, and know little of whether their health department is what it ought to be or not, having no training and little interest in health work. But they do know that they like a nice, friendly, toadying man for health administrator, so reappoint him year after year."

"We'll have to skid Wheaton, just the same," was the surprising mandate Alois heard from her parent.

"Father!" Alois stared at him as she made this exclamation.

"Can't help it."

Seeing the question mark interlaced with appeal in her face, he explained:

"You see, my own reelection next month is uncertain. I need the votes that Dr. Sunlow can swing to me. In turn I have promised him to put Wheaton on the rollers. Also, there are two or three influential men in our own corner of the county that have threatened to knife me if I don't skid Wheaton. You see, Wheaton issued orders to them to clean up nuisances that they were maintaining on their premises and they got red-headed over it. I want to be elected county commissioner for one more term and then I'll be in a financial condition not to care."

GREAT upheavals of emotion tornadoed the young lady's breast, so that for a minute she was without voice. Then, outwardly calm, she delivered her ultimatum, rising as she did so:

"Father, I have tried to be a decent daughter and I hope now not to overstep the deadline of respect to you. But even my father can't talk rotten politics to me. Neither can he shelter me longer unless he promises to come clean. We sing with boiler-shop emphasis the old song, 'Do What is Right, Let the Consequence Follow,' but when we want a re-election to office, we can't hear a hymn even when we're standing in the choir. I shall pack my suitcase tonight, Dad, and put it on the interurban with me tomorrow morning when I go to work."

"Not so fast, daughter," said the politician, in a mood to pet her rather than lose her. "Isn't it worth anything to you that Dr. Sunlow gave you your present little job at my request?"

"It's worth just this much," she replied, "that if there are any strings tied to my little job, I will hunt another. Maybe it might take time to find one, but I will be holding down a job when Dr. Sunlow's sun has set. Also it strikes me just now that our own family name is too short. The letter 'm' should be added. The suggestion that hereafter we write it Growsmall."

V.

JAMES WHEATON soon found himself jobless. Commissioner Growsall was re-elected—though by a dangerously narrow margin. Daughter Alois would not return to the parental

roof, as daddy thought she would after the storm subsided.

If this story is to end according to conventions, one more thing must be mentioned. Two years later two babes were born. One was the third daughter of Dr. Sunlow. It was dead at birth and a few days later the mother followed her child to "the better land." Bringing the babe into the world at the time the mother was convalescing from a case of typhoid had proved too severe a test of strength.

As to the other babe—of course you know already about it. The proud father leans over an immaculate bed, wherein lies a young woman, beautiful in her Brunetteness, with her two-weeks old son asleep in her arms.

"What shall we name him, Jimmy dear?" asked Alois, radiantly smiling.

"Oh, the name!" replied Jimmy, in a tone indicating he had never once thought of that. "After all, it isn't the name but the *game* that matters just now. I am busy thanking heaven that you look so fine and bright and well, darling."

Tenderly he kissed her. Then he patted the cheek of the slumbering infant, saying as he did so: "A good Indian, but too red."

HIS wife's answering laughter ended in a crooning note as she cuddled her babe. Wheaton's face grew grave, as he said:

"A terrible jolt, that, for poor Doc Sunlow. A good thing he resigned before his wife contracted her case of typhoid. For after such an occurrence, he would have been humiliated by a public demand for his resignation. The educated portion of the citizens, you know, have come to look upon typhoid as resulting from sanitary carelessness."

"At the best, he's not faring any too well," returned Alois, for I am told he has lost most of the private practice which his sick friend, Dr. Grove, turned over to him, after Sunlow resigned two years ago."

"I'm afraid it's true. Too bad, too bad," sympathized Jimmy. Then brightening he put his arms around her neck and said gaily:

"See how lucky I am. Now that my new book has proved a success, I shall not need their little public jobs."

FOODS for HEALTH

By ADAH R. NAYLOR



No dessert will be served to you, children, until you have eaten your vegetables," says the anxious mother. "Ah, mom, you talk as if spinach was the staff of life!" grumbles the small boy.

Conversations similar to the foregoing frequently take place at family meals, because most children have to be forced or coaxed into eating many of the vegetables. There are two reasons for this—first, lack of proper training in babyhood, and second, vegetables which are improperly cooked and unattractively served.

CHILDREN should be trained from the very beginning to eat all good foods. They will of course develop a preference for certain things but they should be able to eat any wholesome dish set before them. If the housewife gives thought and time to the preparation of meal each member of the family should eat a portion of everything served. The mother who cooks peas for Johnny when the rest of the family are having carrots is not only causing herself unnecessary trouble, but she is mapping out a sad future for her son. The boy who goes out into the world able to eat whatever food is available can adjust himself to almost any condition. This means comfort and well being for himself and an agreeable relation-

ship with those with whom he makes contacts.

Food Habits

FOOD habits are easily formed and most of us like the foods to which we are accustomed. The alert and conscientious mother will see to it that her family is given a wide variety of natural foods, prepared in various ways, thus avoiding the habit of eating only certain things cooked in a certain way. She will also avoid the discussion of diet at the table. We should eat food because we are hungry, and not give too much thought to the process of eating, if we are to have good digestion. Dr. Walsh says, "The one supremely indigestible thing is the human mind. When your mind is on your stomach you can't digest it off—you must lift it off."

Cooked Vegetables

VEGETABLES are natural foods and should form a large part of the diet. Many of them can be eaten raw, but as a rule they are more easily digested when cooked, because the cellular structure is broken down by heat, making it possible for the digestive juices to penetrate them more easily.

Raw vegetables as displayed at the markets are the most beautiful of foods, but when poorly cooked and brought to the table with both color and flavor gone, they are a sad sight to the eyes, and unpleasant to the taste.

In no department of cookery has there been as great a change as in the preparation of vegetables. Increased knowledge of the composition of foods, together with laboratory tests have taught us that vegetables may be cooked without destroying their natural color, their flavor or their food value.

Formerly it was thought that vegetables, especially the "strong-juiced" ones were made more digestible by *thorough* cooking. We have discovered our mistake and now do everything possible to shorten the cooking period, as prolonged cooking not only increases their indigestibility, but reduces them to a dark unpalatable mass of pulp.

Rules

1. Cook all vegetables as short a time as possible—as the short-period gives less time for nutrients to be dissolved or destroyed. Cook until *just* tender, no more.

2. Put vegetables on to cook in *boiling* water, and have them begin to boil as soon as possible. The heat can then be lowered, but boiling should continue until they are done. Meats may *simmer* but vegetables should *boil*.

3. Salt the water—one teaspoon to a quart—salt makes the water slightly alkaline and helps to set the color in green vegetables.

4. Cook whole or in large pieces, and where possible in the skins. Many of the valuable food elements are in the skins.

5. Cook mild-flavored vegetables in a *tightly covered* saucepan with just enough water to be



absorbed in the cooking. Time the cooking period—do not repeatedly remove the lid to test for tenderness. If a small amount of

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Joseph Smith A Modern American Prophet

By
JOHN HENRY EVANS

VII

IT is now early in July, more than three weeks after the departure of Martin Harris from Joseph Smith's home in Harmony with the precious manuscript in his pocket. Moreover, we are at the Smith home in the township of Manchester.

Mother Smith has just cleared the table of the breakfast dishes, and the men-folk have gone out to their work on the farm.

Two men enter the house unannounced. One of them Mother Smith has never seen before, nor have any of the family. The other is her son Joseph.

If his arrival at this early hour is a surprise to her, as it clearly is, she is moved by nothing short of astonishment at his appearance physically. For Joseph is a very sick man, both in body and in mind, but especially in body. The truth is, he has almost to be carried into the house by the stranger.

The explanation is simple.

AFTER the departure of Harris, Joseph, as we have already

stated, set to with a will on the farmwork. But, as we have also stated, his mind was not on those physical tasks, but rather on the sacred writings which Martin now has in his possession. Then something happened which made him forget, for the time being, at least, even the manuscript.

It was the illness of his wife.

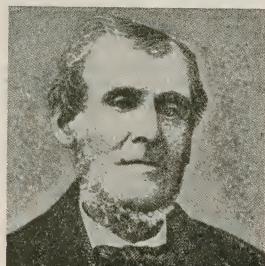
A baby was born—the first, and a boy. But it died soon after birth, and for a time the life of the young mother was despaired

of. Gradually, however, she began to mend.

MEANTIME, though, Joseph had had little sleep during those anxious days. For night after night and day after day he had watched at the bedside, with a strained eagerness that could not help but tell on even the strongest constitution. This, with what was already on his mind, all but broke down his strong body.

As soon as Emma was well enough to realize the situation clearly, she insisted that her husband go to Palmyra to see what had become of Martin Harris. The man had been gone now for three weeks, without sending any word concerning the manuscript. And so Joseph, leaving his wife in the care of her mother, took the stage for his old home.

ON the way there a fellow passenger, the only one in the coach besides himself, observed Joseph's paleness and weakened condition and tried to engage him in conversation, with a view to aiding him.



MARTIN HARRIS

"You seem not to be very well," he said. "I wonder if I could help you in any way?"

Joseph told him about his wife's sickness and his own loss of sleep, thanked the man for his interest, but declined any assistance.

The nearest point to Manchester at which the stage-coach stopped was twenty miles away, and from there to his father's house Joseph had to go on foot. But his new friend would not hear of his going alone; he insisted on accompanying him all the way.

"You will be in danger," he explained, "of falling asleep in the forest, and if you do that there is no telling what might happen to you."

And so the two walked the greater part of the night through the woods. The last three or four miles, the man tells Mrs. Smith, Joseph had to be led by the arm, for the reason that every now and then he fell asleep as he walked, so exhausted was he from his vigils, from hunger and fatigue, and from worry and anxiety.

Presently the weary travelers sit down to a hot breakfast, after which they feel greatly refreshed and the stranger goes on his way.

THE moment his companion of the night is out of the house, Joseph asks if his mother has seen Martin Harris lately. And he tells her what has happened. She has not seen him. At once a messenger is sent for Martin, who says that he will come right away.

But he does not come right away.

The clock strikes nine, and he has not put in an appearance. It strikes ten, and he has not come. Eleven, and he is still absent. Twelve o'clock, and still no Martin Harris. What can be the matter?

Meanwhile, Joseph paces the floor in anguish of spirit. Every few seconds he looks at the clock, and immediately afterwards out of the window in the direction from which Harris is expected to come. Sometimes the young man groans aloud. Sometimes he says, to the atmosphere in general, what he has said a thousand times to himself, "Oh, why did I let him have it? I had a feeling all the time that I was doing wrong. Why didn't I heed the first answer?" And

sometimes he bursts into a flood of tears.

At exactly half past twelve the family see Martin coming across the field, his head hanging down dejectedly.

By this time the other members of the family have come in for dinner—which is ready. Hyrum has dropped in to have a chat with his brother Joseph. They all sit down to the meal.

Then Martin presses his two hands against his temples and exclaims—

"Oh, I have lost my soul! I have lost my soul!"

Joseph jumps up from the table. "Martin, you haven't lost that manuscript?" And he looks at Harris with those eyes that pierce one through.

"Yes, I have," Martin answers; "it's gone, Joseph, and I don't know where it is."

BUT Harris does not come immediately into the house. Instead, when he reaches the gate, he takes a seat on the fence in front of the place. His hat is drawn down over his face. Presently, however, he ventures into the house. When he is invited to sit down at the table, he does so reluctantly. He takes up his knife and fork, as if to begin the meal, but suddenly lays them down again. Then he presses his two hands against his temples and exclaims—

"Oh, I have lost my soul! I have lost my soul!"

Joseph jumps up from the table. "Martin, you haven't lost that manuscript?" And he looks at Harris with those eyes that pierce one through.

"Yes, I have," Martin answers; "it's gone, Joseph, and I don't know where it is."

"Oh, my God!"—from Joseph. "Lost! lost! What am I to do? I have sinned. Martin, go back and search for it."

"It's no use, Joseph. I've looked everywhere—ripped open beds and pillows and everything. I know it's not there."

An oppressive silence.

"Did you show it to any one else but those we agreed on?" Joseph inquires.

Martin does not answer for a moment. Then, "Yes, I did. I

broke my covenant with you, Joseph—I broke my covenant with you and with God."

It comes out little by little what Martin has done to jeopardize the manuscript.

AFTER showing it to the five persons agreed upon in the compact, his wife was so pleased that she allowed him, as a very special privilege, to keep it in one of her dresser drawers, which had a lock and key. But she did not give him the key.

One time, when she was away from home, a friend called on Harris. He naturally brought up the matter of Martin's absence in Pennsylvania, and that led to what took place there. And that brought up the topic of the manuscript and its present whereabouts.

The friend's curiosity was aroused. He begged to set his eyes on it. Martin's desire to gratify the friend's wish overcame his moral scruples, and he thereupon exhibited the forbidden document to him. In order to do so, however, he had to pick the lock—which paved the way to an angry wife, since in the process he had marred the face of the drawer. Instead of replacing it in Mrs. Harris' drawer, he put it in his own, which had no lock and key. Others also examined the manuscript.

TOWARDS the end of the three weeks Martin's attention was occupied with setting his affairs to rights prior to returning to Harmony. And so his mind was not very much on the paper. When Joseph sent for him, he went to the place where he had put it for safe-keeping, with the intention of taking it with him. But it was nowhere to be found. Then began that distressing search for the manuscript, which had delayed him for hours.

On hearing this story of treachery every one in the room is dumbfounded. The atmosphere is surcharged with the spirit of tragedy. It is as if they stood in the presence of a great natural hurtful display of power. And they do. For what ought to be the most dependable force in the universe—the moral force—has given way in one of their number, just when it was needed most.

Martin Harris is shame-faced, humiliated to the dust. He could

wish himself annihilated, blotted out of existence. Father Smith and Hyrum look on in dumb amazement, as if some one had struck them a sudden blow in the face. Others are crying. Joseph has resumed his pacing forward and back, in utter numbness of mind. He says—

"And must I go back to Harmony with such a tale as this? I can't do it! How can I appear before the Lord, after what I have done in this matter? Of what rebuke am I not worthy from the angel?"

Mother Smith alone is self-composed enough to offer sensible words. "Don't worry so much, Joseph," she says. "Maybe the Lord will forgive you. There must be some way out of this terrible situation, I'm sure. Humiliation and repentance always are followed by forgiveness."

The next morning early Joseph sets off for his home in Harmony.

WHETHER or not this episode of the Lost Manuscript, with that scratched dresser drawer belonging to Mrs. Harris has anything to do with what follows in this section of Western New York State, is not certain. It is certain, however, that there is a great commotion over the character and doings of Joseph Smith. And it is equally certain that Martin, in spite of the fact that he does not return to Harmony to aid in the translation of the Book of Mormon, nevertheless does a good turn to the young seer in defending his motives and in thus warding off what might have become another delay in the translation of the Nephite Record.

Some busybody or other in the neighborhood takes it upon himself to set things to rights so far as Joseph Smith and his claims ("pretensions" they are called hereab-uts) to having seen an angel, are concerned. There are people like that in the world. They act on the assumption that other folk do not have either the intelligence or the judgment to decide matters for themselves. And so these meddlers go about making out to decide questions for every one else whom they know.

WELL, this person, whoever he is (Mother Smith says it is a woman), goes from house to house in Palmyra and vicinity, with a

view to arousing public opinion against Joseph Smith. This young upstart doesn't any more have gold plates than any one else in the place. He only pretends he does, and that, too, from the low motive of getting money from those who have earned it by the sweat of their brows. So why should he be allowed to get by with such an idea? That is the way this self-appointed individual puts it to the neighbors.

"Oh, my God! Lost! Lost! What am I to do? I have sinned. Martin, go back and search for it."

"It's no use, Joseph. I've looked everywhere—ripped open beds and pillows and everything. I know it's not there."

"Did you show it to any one else but those we agreed on?"

"Yes, I did. I broke my covenant with you, Joseph—I broke my covenant with you and with God."

Some of the neighbors, of course, think the same thing. They have thought so all along, they say. Something ought to be done about it. And something is done, and done in a hurry.

THIS same busybody goes to a notary public and makes an affidavit to the effect that he believes Joseph Smith does not have in his possession any gold plates at all, but that he just pretends he has in order to get money from Martin Harris. And a complaint is actually sworn out against the young man, although he is out of the State. Also witnesses are rounded up for the purpose of proving this affidavit to be true. Pretty soon the whole group of mischief-makers him off to Lyons, where the court is in session.

Says Mother Smith to Hyrum, when things get to this pass: "What do you think we ought to do about it?"

"Nothing at all, mother," says Hyrum. "There isn't a thing we can do. Besides, the Lord is able to take care of his own affairs; he can deliver Joseph from every trouble. We must look to him."

And that is what they do.

At the court in Lyons, however, there are great carryings-on.

One witness, after swearing to

"tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," says very solemnly that Joseph Smith told him confidentially that there is nothing but sand in "that box!"

Another witness, on top of the same oath, says as solemnly: "Joe Smith told me that there was only lead in the box!" But he does not know where the lead came from.

A third witness gives still another version of the matter. He tells the court: "I once inquired of Joe Smith what he had in the box, and he answered that there was nothing in it at all! He was only fooling people so that he could get money without working. Especially he wanted to get money of Martin Harris. I know as a fact that he has got already at least two or three hundred dollars from him."

NOT all the witnesses, though, are examined. The judge says he will hear no more till Martin Harris himself is allowed to testify. And this is reasonable, since everything turns on whether young Smith has really swindled Harris. So Martin testifies.

He says: "When I raise my hand in this court and promise to tell the truth, I can say truthfully that Joseph Smith has never received one dollar from me, except what I voluntarily gave him. That was fifty dollars, when he was going to Pennsylvania, and even then he wanted to give me a note for the money. This I can prove. Furthermore, I have never seen in Joseph Smith any disposition to take any man's money, without giving him something in return. And as for the plates which he professes to have, I tell you, gentlemen, that if you go on fighting this thing, it will one day be the means of damning your souls. This is true, as God made me!"

Then the judge has his say: "The court will hear no more witnesses. Bring me the written testimony of those witnesses who have testified falsely." This last remark is said to the clerk. When the clerk has brought it to him, the judge tears it into pieces before everybody. "Now," he continues, addressing himself to those same witnesses, "Go home and mind your own business, and don't bother your heads about such nonsense."

And they did.

Music Committee

In Place of the Bulletin

THE Church Music Committee is pleased to accept space in the *Era*, which has been proffered by the publishers, and beginning with this issue the material which has been published heretofore in the *Church Music Bulletin* will appear in this magazine. The increased circulation and the high character of the magazine will insure a much wider dissemination of the instructions from the Church Music Committee than was possible in the limited editions of the *Bulletin*, and the Committee expresses its appreciation for this assistance.

Relationship of Chorister and Organist

IN most of the music activity of the Church we recognize chorister and organist, each with specific duties, responsibilities and limitations. Only in rare cases are the functions of both delegated to one person. Inasmuch as most of our music procedure is planned with *both* chorister and organist in mind, and the field of each so clearly defined, it is essential that their work be done with the closest cooperation.

The chorister or music director has charge of the music in our gatherings, selects the songs and leads the singing, under the direction, and with the suggestions, of the presiding officer, and in consultation with the organist or accompanist. All phases of the song should be agreed upon by the leader and the accompanist, such as speed, interpretation, so that when the song is played it should be done in the manner agreed upon by these two. When the congregation sings the leading is done by the Chorister, and the accompanist should follow the directions given by their leader. Under no circumstances should the accompanist attempt to lead the singers in opposition to the director. To do such a thing would be to give conclusive evidence that the accompanist does not understand the first requirement of accompanying, and will result in confusion.

Only persons who are capable should be chosen to direct the singing, and when they are chosen and sustained they should be supported in everything which pertains to the office, according to the policy of the Church, especially by the accompanist.

Institutes for Choristers and Organists

THE series of lectures for choristers and organists in seven of the more populated regions of the Church have practically been completed, and it is inspiring to note the interest with which our music leaders attended the course. About forty stakes were invited to participate, and from these stakes approximately 3000 persons attended the lectures.

The material presented was of a general nature, the attempt being to lay before the choristers and organists of all organizations such fundamentals as the Church Music Committee feels to be necessary if our music leaders are to do their work with efficiency and authority. No attempt has been made to take up problems which belong specifically to the different organizations, but principles and usage which underlie all music activity of whatsoever nature in the Church.

There has been a gratifying attitude on the part of the local professional musicians, and their attendance in large numbers has done much to make the course a success. The Committee is also indebted to the fine cooperation of the Priesthood authorities in the stakes and wards.

Silent Night

*A thousand strains as one
In harmony blending,
Lifting to the voiceless Heaven
A thanksgiving to him,
The Giver of life.
Chords as from a thousand
Well-tuned strings
Fan like a breeze
To the ears of the soul.
Angel-guardians stand
Bowed in reverence
To Nature's benediction.*

* * *

*A million sleeping souls
Sheltered by that cloak,
Dark cloak of silence,
Are lulled to rest.*

* * *

*A beggar by the wayside,
Alone with his maker;
The maiden with her dreams,
Alone to fondle;
The mother with her tears,
Alone, her loved one lost;
The child with unborn hopes,
Of new life yet to come;
Under the silent night
In peace, are lulled to sleep.*

—H. Edw. Bridge.

This course was originated by the Church Music Committee, the teaching was done by the following members of the McCune School of Music and Art faculty, Edward P. Kimball, Anthony C. Lund, Reginald Beales, Lester Hinchcliff, Claire Reid, and Director Tracy Y. Cannon, and the expense born jointly by the General Boards of the Church, the Church Music Committee, and the McCune School of Music and Art.

A Meeting of Choristers and Organists

CHAIRMAN MELVIN J. BAL-LARD announces that there will be a meeting of choristers and organists of all organizations, including ward and stake choirs, some time during the April general conference, the date to be announced later. An urgent appeal is made to these music leaders to attend the meeting, when matters of importance for the future advantage of choristers and organists will be presented.

Helpful Books

CHORISTERS who desire to make a full study of their requirements will find the following books of interest: *Music Notation and Terminology*, by Karl Gehrkens, Deseret Book Company, \$1.60 postpaid; *Essentials of Conducting*, by Karl Gehrkens, same price; *Choristers Manual*, 25c. Organists will find much help in the *Organists Manual*, 25c, and the instruction book that goes with it. These books have been recommended during the recent institutes.

It is gratifying to notice the increase in the use of the new hymn collection throughout the Church. Anyone who has observed the difference in participation of a congregation with books in their hands and one without knows that singing in the latter case is way ahead of the former. If congregational singing is an act of worship surely it ought to be done in a way that is worshipful. Compare it, for instance, with prayer. An individual offering a prayer in a service gives expression to his own thoughts FOR us all; or liken it to a sermon: one person is speaking TO us, or to others FOR us. But in a congregational song, under ideal conditions, every one present may EXPRESS his own prayer, or may speak TO his neighbor, or may thrill by giving utterance to his own reaction to the content of the words he is singing.

PRIESTHOOD QUORUMS

All Melchizedek Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Council of the Twelve; and all Aaronic Priesthood material is prepared under the direction of the Presiding Bishopric.

The Whole Armor of God

By

ARCHIBALD F. BENNETT

*"Ye are the children of the light, and the children of the day; we are not of the night, nor of darkness. * * * Let us who are of the day be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love; and for a helmet, the hope of salvation."* (Thess. 5:5, 8.)

Soldiers of the Cross

AMONG the lessons prepared for the Lesser Priesthood quorums for 1931 is one entitled, "Soldiers of the Cross." In previous lessons the boy has been taught of his marvelous birth-right as a child of God, and his mighty mission as a bearer of the Priesthood. In this lesson he is likened unto the valiant crusader of old with his ideal of service which led him to sacrifice his all for the cause to which he was pledged. To the modern youth, even more than to the crusader, applies the Savior's stirring call, "Come, take up the cross, and follow me." "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple." "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me. For whosoever will save his life shall lose it: and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it."

One of the Noble

THE youth in the Church today is no weakling. He is not a coward. Seldom indeed does he fail to stand forth bravely when he understands the call of service. As President Young once remarked, there are no greater spirits than those now being sent to earth. But

The strength of Righteous Living, from a painting by Prof. Paul Wildhaber.

the temptations and perils he must encounter are great and insidious. As never before, perhaps, the forces of evil are marshaled to bring about his downfall.

The Great Dragon of Evil

DESPITE the tendency sometimes to scoff at the idea of an actual evil power, the teachings of the Lord on this point are definite and clear. "An angel of God who was in authority in the presence of God, and was with him from the beginning," because his unholy ambitions were thwarted, was angry and rebelled and many followed after him. "And there was war in heaven; Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, And prevailed not. * * * And the great dragon was cast out, that old serpent, called the Devil, and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world: he was cast out into the earth, and his angels were cast out with him. *



* * For he became Satan, yea, even the devil, the father of lies, to deceive and to blind men, and to lead them captive at his will even as many as would not hearken unto the voice of God. * * *

Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea! for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth he hath but a short time." (Rev. 12:7-9, 12.)

The Destruction Caused by One Wicked Man

THE misery brought about because one man allowed himself to be led astray by Satan is told in the story of Amalickiah. He was a large and strong man of cunning mind and persuasive flattery. Satan put it into his heart to aspire to become king. By promises to make his followers rulers over the people he won many to his side. One ambition led to another. By treachery and murder Amalickiah became chief

commander of the Lamanite army, then their king. Praying upon their age-old hatred of the more righteous Nephites, he incited them to war, and thousands upon thousands of lives were lost, and the land was filled with unhappiness because of this one man.

A Man of Valor

OPPPOSED to the fiendish designs of Amalickiah was Moroni, commander of the Nephite armies, one of the heroes of all time.

"And Moroni was a strong and mighty man; he was a man of a perfect understanding; yea, a man that did not delight in bloodshed; a man whose soul did joy in the liberty and the freedom of his country, and his brethren from bondage and slavery. Yea, a man whose heart did swell with thanksgiving to his God for the many privileges and blessings which he bestowed upon his people; a man who did labor exceedingly for the welfare and safety of his people. * * * He was a man who was firm in the faith of Christ and he had sworn with an oath to defend his people, his rights, and his country, and his religion, even to the loss of his blood. * * * Verily, verily, I say unto you, if all men had been and were, and ever would be, like unto Moroni, behold, the very powers of hell would have been shaken forever; yea, the devil would never have power over the hearts of the children of men."

In the Strength of the Lord

AND he fastened on his head-plate and his breast-plate, and his shields, and girded on his armor," and went forth among the people, waving his "Title of Liberty" on which was written, "In memory of our God, our religion, and freedom, and our peace, our wives, and our children," and crying with a loud voice,

"Behold, whosoever will maintain this title upon the land, let them come forth in the strength of the Lord, and enter into a covenant that they will maintain their rights, and their religion, that the Lord may bless them."

When Moroni had proclaimed these words, the people came running together with their armor girded about their loins, and covenanted that they would not forsake the Lord. Thus armed with the might of the Lord they could not fail.

The Armor of Righteousness

THE Lord, through his authorized servants, has repeatedly portrayed his faithful servants as valiant warriors in full armor. He

calls upon us to attack evil wherever it is seen with the true courage and righteous zeal of Moroni, and fearlessly and steadfastly to defend the truth. Hear the words of that high call to service:

"Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might."

"Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil."

"For we wrest not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places."

"Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand."

"Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

"And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

"Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked."

"And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the words of God." (Ephesians 6:10-17.)

"For the word of God is quick, and powerful and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow; and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the hearts." (Hebrews 4:12.)

THE idealism in these words must appeal to every true hearted youth. The spirit in them has been portrayed by a skilled artist as shown in the accompanying cut. This is a photograph taken of an original large-sized painting by Professor Paul Wildhaber especially made to illustrate the above passage for the juniors. A pen sketch of the horse and the fully armored rider was made by N. O. Wood, first assistant to Karl Weiss in the Genealogical Committee of the Third Ward in Salt Lake City. Professor Wildhaber, when shown the sketch caught the spirit of the work and with a touch of genius added more life and fire to the pose of the horse and rider and made it the central figure of a large oil painting. He has kindly permitted a photograph to be taken of the product of his art, and to be printed in this number of the *Era*, for use in connection with the Lesser Priesthood lessons. Only the central part of the picture is here shown. It represents a youthful knight, strong in the strength of righteousness living, clothed in the whole armor of God, mounted upon a spirited

snow-white charger, richly caparisoned. Aloft in his right arm he holds in commanding, triumphant gesture the flaming sword of the Spirit of the Lord, which is the Word of God. Upon his head is the Helmet of Salvation, and about it is the crown given to him who overcomes. The Angel Moroni, as his crest, symbolizes the missionary work of the Church. The breastplate of righteousness which the youth wears protects him from evil. On his left arm he bears the Shield of Faith, on which are symbols adopted as the distinctive badge of the junior workers which are so richly suggestive of noble deeds of service. With this Shield of Faith he is "able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked." His legs and feet are "shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace." Upon the panoply of the horse is also seen the complete coat-of-arms of the successful junior worker, who has completed every activity of the course. The original painting brings out the various colors in pleasing richness.

While the knight is shown aloft on the eminence to which he has attained, in the chasm at his feet writhes a wounded dragon in fiendish but futile rage. By the power of his sword—the Word of God—the youth has driven the dragon of evil before him in mortal fear. From the depths he hisses back with the forked tongue of venomous hate, but in his eye is seen the wild terror of a matchless power greater than his own.

That Ye May Be Able to Withstand the Evil Day

THE message of the picture and of the lesson it illustrates is one of hope and inspiration. Tremendous forces of evil are pitted against the youth of today—our own boys and girls. But by righteous living and faithful adherence to the principles of light and truth, these "children of the light" will be shielded and protected in the accomplishment of their mighty missions. We need have no fear in well-doing, for the Lord has said once again:

"Lift up your hearts and rejoice, and gird up your loins, and take upon you my whole armor, that ye may be able to withstand that evil day, having done all ye may be able to do * * * and be faithful until I come, and ye shall be caught up, that where I am ye shall be also." (Doc. and Cov. 27:15-18.)



MUTUAL MESSAGES



Executive Department

General Superintendency Y. M. M. I. A.

GEORGE ALBERT SMITH,
RICHARD R. LYMAN,
MELVIN J. BALLARD,

Executive Secretary:
OSCAR A. KIRKHAM

General Offices Y. M. M. I. A. 47 EAST SOUTH TEMPLE STREET

General Offices Y. L. M. I. A. 33 BISHOP'S BUILDING SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

General Presidency Y. L. M. I. A.

RUTH MAY FOX,
LUCY GRANT CANNON,
CLARISSA A. BEESLEY,

Secretary:
ELSIE HOGAN

The Next Three Months

THE general management of the M. I. A. in stakes and wards from now until the end of May should be a delightful and easy task. The problems of organization were solved early in the season, the various groups were well launched months ago in their Manual studies and class activities, the activity program is running smoothly—now the officers can enjoy the fine results which we are sure will come as a reward of the strenuous efforts put forth. First of these results will be shown in the Ward and Stake Honor Days which occur this month. If careful record has been kept of all who have participated in the activity program and of all who have made "A" Standard in the various events, it should not be difficult to prepare a Ward Honor Day program which will be of keen enjoyment to the entire community. This will be an event marking an achievement of which each ward association may be proud and will form a standard on which to build in following years. Here is an opportunity for your Era and Publicity committee to participate by advertising it in the most attractive way possible.

At the Ward Honor Day, a unique feature is introduced in the choosing, by the participants themselves, of representatives to go on to the next big event, the Stake Honor Day. In this our first experience in this venture, it is sincerely hoped that the best of feeling will prevail and that no difficulties may arise which cannot be easily overcome.

The Stake Honor Day should be a gala affair. Representatives from all the wards will come, perhaps in every event. It may be necessary to divide the large numbers participating and the many times larger numbers attending, into sections carrying on the various activities simultaneously; or, some stakes may continue the pro-

gram on two or even three consecutive nights, so that all the people may hear the entire group of events. Under any method followed, a fine enthusiasm in the achievements of the stake will color all the proceedings.

As officers you will be glad to be relieved of the necessity of calling in judges as heretofore. You will also be happy that the big events in the stake come before the closing weeks of the public schools with their many calls on our membership.

After the Honor days are over, the months of April and May will be devoted to the completion of the Manual discussions and the half-hour programs which are to be furnished by the departments. During these two months also are fine opportunities for personal contact between you and your members which may not have been possible during the previous months. Officers and leaders: prepare

thoroughly to enjoy your work for the next three months. Discover anew the lovely young people you have in your own communities; lift yourself above the horizon of your detail work and look out upon the glorious cause to which you are devoted. You have sown the seeds in the months just passed; now enjoy the fruits.

For details as to ward achievements, "A" Standard interpretations, the conducting of Stake and Ward Honor Days, and awards, read carefully the January and February *Eras*.

To the secretaries, we call attention to the March report of accomplishments. Please give us accurate information on contest events as asked for, so that we may have the same on file. With you we desire to know how extensively our program this year has touched the lives of our membership.

Report on Y. L. M. I. A. Girls' Camp

THE need of a summer camp for the girls of Cache Stake was discussed in Y. L. M. I. A. Board meeting as long ago as the year of 1912. Actual work was not done on the project at that time because of the World's War and consequent unfavorable economic conditions.

Sentiment for it grew, however, and in the spring of 1919 a beginning was made when President Claire N. Hulme of the stake Y. L. M. I. A. met with the stake presidency, President Serge Baliff and Counsellors O. H. Budge and Joseph Quinney, and submitted the proposition for their consideration. A short time later, perhaps two weeks, being assured of the support and cooperation of the stake presidency, the Y. L. M. I. A. Board met with the local officers, and after due consideration, those present voted

that their organization build, own and supervise such a summer home.

Miss Vera Carlson and Mrs. Martha Hickman were asked by the Board to negotiate with Mr. E. C. Shepard and Mr. Edwin Spencer of the U. S. Forest Service for a permit to occupy Spring Hollow, that being considered, for many reasons, a desirable location for the camp.

Letters from Mr. Shepard are on file and thanks are due him for his courtesy and helpfulness in the matter. A satisfactory permit was finally secured after thorough investigation into the matter of ownership of building sites in the forest reserve.

The next step was the beginning of a building fund which was made by the production of a "Trip Around the World," by the conjoint M. I. A. in July. The net proceeds of

this production were divided at the ratio of 40 to 60 percent in favor of the Y. L. M. I. A. and deposited in the First National Bank of Logan. All of the banks of Logan were canvassed for bids for the building fund and the committee decided in favor of the First National Bank. All our banking business has been done with that institution. They have treated us with great consideration at all times.

Since the Y. M. M. I. A. had decided to build a Scout Camp conjoint committees were organized to push forward the work. Outlines of these and subsequent committees are on file in the Y. L. M. I. A. Board room.

Plans for enlisting the cooperation of the public were carried about as follows:—

Board members visited M. I. A. meetings and submitted ideas to those present. President Baliff sent letters to all the bishops, asking for their assistance; Superintendent Humphreys discussed it with the high council and President Hulme submitted plans to Woman's Club, Clio Club and A. C. Women's League; George D. Casto addressed Chamber of Commerce and Mr. Humphrey's Rotary Club. (Donations were made by organizations recorded elsewhere.)

Meantime the fund was added to and plans completed to build permanently and provide for adequate supervision.

The actual building was under the supervision of a building committee as follows: C. M. Christensen, Chairman; R. J. Evans, Louis Cardon, A. E. Cranney, Claire Hulme, Magda Peterson and Vera Carlson.

The architect whose plan was accepted was Fred Dahle. Mr. Dahle took a great deal of interest in the undertaking, absolutely without remuneration. We feel that the building which is so satisfactory is due in large measure to his painstaking thoughtfulness.

Work on the building began May 26, 1921, with Alfred Berntson, foreman of construction.

Miss Vera Carlson, as treasurer cared for the funds and bookkeeping in a most satisfactory manner; this was quite a task as there was an expenditure of approximately twelve thousand dollars.

All bills were passed upon by the building committee and paid by checks which were signed by the treasurer and chairman of committee. A complete treasurer's report accompanies this report and will be filed.

President Grant dedicated the camp on September 4, 1922, in the presence of a large gathering. The camp was opened for regular occupancy in June, 1923, with Miss Myrtle Nebeker as house mother. The first week

was officer's week and a very splendid time was had.

Constitution and by-laws for governing and supervision had previously been carefully worked out and adopted by the M. I. A. of the stake. Copies of this are on file, as well as plans for occupancy by girls of Logan and Cache Stakes.

Now at the close of the third season many hundreds of girls have spent their annual vacation there; thousands of visitors from many states have enjoyed its hospitality and gone away feeling that the girls of our community are blessed in their summer home.

We hope that as the years pass and officers come and go the high purpose for which the camp was built—a happy vacation for every girl's summer outing under suitable conditions—will be constantly kept in mind by the Y. L. M. I. A. officers of Cache and Logan Stakes.

Suggested Program for Sunday Evening Conjoint Meeting April

THEME: Temple Marriages:
1. God's plan for temporal and eternal happiness.

2. Increases the stability of the

home. (Among L. D. S. non-temple marriages divorce is 50% greater among those married in the temple).

3. Temple marriage upholds the ideal that children are the heritage from the Lord.

4. The Slogan for 1930-31—"We Stand for Loyal Adherence to Latter-day Saint Ideals." (For suggestions see February Era, Executive Department, Mutual Messages).

5. Temple marriage makes for fidelity and chastity, without which there is no enduring happiness in the home. (See "Gospel Doctrine" by Pres. Jos. F. Smith.)

Also "Thoughts on Marriage," by Geo. F. Richards, Feb. Era, page 190).

Appropriate music should be interspersed throughout.

Basketball Tournament

THE Inter-Division Tournament will be held this year at Ogden in the Weber Gymnasium, March 12, 13, and 14, 1931, instead of in Salt Lake City as heretofore.

The district winners will be in attendance and it is expected that a very fine tournament will be held. Brother Floyd G. Eye and his committee are directly in charge of the tournament. The M Men Committee of the General Board cordially invite anyone interested to be in attendance.

ADULT DEPARTMENT Committee

Dr. Arthur L. Beeley and Lucy W. Smith, Chairmen; Dr. Joseph F. Merrill, Dr. Franklin S. Harris, Lewis T. Cannon, Dr. Lyman L. Daines, Ann M. Cannon, Rose W. Bennett, Emily H. Higgs, Charlotte Stewart

Report

THE Adult Committee of the General Board of M. I. A. desires a report from every association in the Church. For this purpose blanks have been sent out through state officers. Ward officers will please assist the General Boards by filling out, as accurately as possible, the answers to all of the questions. The blank should then be returned to the stake superintendent of M. I. A.; by him it should be compiled and mailed to the Adult Committee of the General Board M. I. A., Church Office Building, Salt Lake City.

Manual

MUCH praise is heard for the Manual from people who are well informed on the subject, "Community Health and Hygiene." Some go so far as to say that every family would be well repaid in health even if it had to pay \$5.00 instead of 50c per

copy. Let's have a Manual in every home.

Leadership Course

AT the Brigham Young University the Adult Committee of the General Board was represented in the Recreational Leadership Program, Wednesday, January 28, 1931, by Dr. Lyman L. Daines and Miss Charlotte Stewart, in considering The Adult in a Modern World.

Miss Stewart treated "Recreation Is Our Times"—

(a) As an Individual.
(b) Responsibility of Adult as a Leader.

Dr. Daines treated "The Possibilities of Discussion as a Means of Recreation," applying it to the Adult Manual period.

Adult Women's Division—

To those studying the course on "Indian Lore" the article "Cliffs and Caves of Southern Utah" in this Era will be of interest.


COMMUNITY ACTIVITY DEPT.
Committee

Melvin J. Ballard, Clarissa A. Beesley, Chairmen; E. E. Erickson, Emily C. Adams, Vice-Chairmen; Heber C. Iverson, John H. Taylor, W. O. Robinson, Don Wood, Jos. F. Smith, J. Spencer Cornwall, Charlotte Stewart, Elsie T. Brandley, Katie C. Jensen, Evangeline T. Beesley, Ethel S. Anderson

Motion Pictures

DURING the season of 1929-30, the Motion Picture division of the Community Activity Committee of the General Board, in an effort to help with the solution of many of the problems surrounding the matter of ward presentation of motion pictures, called together a number of representatives from different wards, and a beginning was made toward the forming of a central committee to investigate conditions, make constructive suggestions and be able, through their knowledge of certain pictures, to recommend good ones for ward use. Owing to the fact that the silent movies were then being displaced rapidly by the "talkies" it was deemed inadvisable to go further into this project. Another condition militating against the successful carrying forward of such a plan was the discovery that in very few wards was the matter of motion pictures placed under the direction of the Community Activity Committees. Scout committees, bishops, and in many cases specially appointed individuals were responsible for this undertaking, thus making it seem almost intrusive for the M. I. A. committee to offer help, unasked.

However, the study of this phase of recreation, must of necessity interest any group who have at heart the welfare of the youth of the Church. And for the benefit and assistance of those who may be concerned, this Committee will publish occasional lists of endorsed pictures, and comments of thinking people along this line. The quotations this month are taken from "The Motion Picture," a little pamphlet put out by 24 associated companies in an effort to better the industry.

How Effective is Endorsement?

The question is sometimes asked: "How effective is endorsement by public groups?" The answer is certain to be indefinite. It is like asking, "How much does advertising pay?" No one can tell to the dollar, but everyone knows its general value.

Occasionally figures are obtainable and are rather definite. Such is the case in a test made recently in Oakland, California, by the Federation

of Women's Clubs.

Two weeks before the opening of "Disraeli" at the Chimes Theatre, Oakland, the organization sent out pamphlets extolling the Arliss play to its 25,000 members. The management of the theatre knew nothing of the project until it received a copy of the pamphlet, which contained this request: "We ask all those who receive this letter to place a cross on the back of their tickets, thus indicating their appreciation of our endeavor to provide the best pictures for the best patrons."

For the first four days of the "Disraeli" run, every other ticket bore the club's identification mark, the records of the management showed.

Five Ways in which Pictures Build Good-will Among Nations:

1. Through newsreel pictures.
2. Through war-realism films.
3. Through films of inter-racial friendship.
4. Through depiction of heroism.
5. Through sympathetic portrayal of peoples.

Influence on the Box-Office

IN the past several years the history of worthwhile pictures has been a sad commentary on public discrimination. Many great and worthwhile pictures have failed with appalling losses. The risqué film with the daring title and the lurid advertising will pack the theater. The box-office is the barometer by which the producer gauges his productions, and that barometer can be definitely influenced by the active and intelligent efforts of groups in any community.

PREVIEWED PICTURES

The following pictures have been endorsed by public groups:



Features

| | |
|-------------------------|--------|
| Animal Crackers | Adults |
| Are You There | Family |
| Big Boy | Family |
| Bottom of the World | Family |
| Captain Applejack | Adults |
| Follow Thru | Adults |
| Fragment of an Empire A | Adults |
| Glorious Adventure, The | Family |
| Heads Up | Family |
| Lincoln | Family |
| Lost Gods | Family |
| Love in the Rough | Family |
| Men of the North | Family |
| Moby Dick | Adults |
| Monte Carlo | Family |
| Penny Arcade, The | Adults |
| Prince of Diamonds, The | Adults |
| Record Run, The | Family |
| Sante Fe Trail, The | Family |
| Sea God, The | Family |
| Sea Wolf, The | Adults |
| Sons of the Saddle | Family |
| Soup to Nuts | Family |
| Spoilers, The | Adults |
| Sweethearts on Parade | Adults |
| Three Faces East | Adults |
| Throw of the Dice | Family |
| Worldly Goods | Adults |

Shorts

| | |
|--------------------|--------|
| Arctic Antics | Family |
| Dude Ranching | Family |
| Fore | Adults |
| Grounds for Murder | Adults |
| Horse Sense | Family |
| Imperial City, The | Family |
| Knights in Khaki | Family |
| Let 'Er Buck | Family |
| Playboy, The | Family |
| Shindig, The | Family |
| Ski Hi Frolics | Family |
| Still Alarm, The | Family |
| Venetian Nights | Family |
| Wanderer, The | Family |
| Who Killed Rover | Family |

GET SOMEBODY ELSE

The Lord had a job for me,
But I had so much to do,
I said, "You get somebody else,
Or wait till I get through."
I don't know how the Lord came out,
No doubt He got along,
But I felt kind o' sneaking like—
I knew I did God wrong.

One day I needed the Lord,
Needed Him right away,
But He never answered me at all
And I could hear Him say,
Down in my accusing ear:
"Child, I've got much to do,
You get somebody else,
Or wait till I get through."

Now when the Lord has a job for me
I never try to shirk;
I drop what I have in hand
And do the Lord's good work.
And my affairs can run along
Or wait till I get through;
Nobody else can do the work
God said for me to do.

—Edgar A. Guest.

"Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt." —Shakespeare.



GLEANEER GIRLS DEPARTMENT Committee

Grace C. Neslen, Chairman, Rachel G. Taylor, Martha G. Smith, Margaret Newman,
Emily C. Adams

Our Project—

MANY Gleaners are ordering the special cover for their "Treasures of Truth." It is in green and gold and the Gleaner emblem gives it a distinctive touch. The price is 20c and classes or individual girls desiring them should order promptly.

A Treasure from Across the Sea

As a committee we have been gleaning from the pages of different Treasure books and have published different types of incidents and stories, as a stimulation to the leader and Gleaners in the field. This month's offering, of a slightly different nature than the foregoing, follows:

In the Book of Mormon there is related the story of Hagoth building ships and sailing from the Land Bountiful to the Land Northward. The first company made the voyage, and some of them returned to the Land Bountiful to induce more of their people to go north. More and larger ships were built, and they set out for the Land Northward, but were never heard from again, the people thinking they had become lost on the way. At any rate, they never reached the Land Northward.

The Hawaiian traditions all say that they came from the Land Eastward, pointing to the American continent, saying that their forefathers drifted down to those islands. When first discovered they had a religion of their own, they knew of Christ and his coming, and when Capt. Cook and his men landed on their shores they thought it was Christ coming to them, and hence they fell down and worshipped him. Another Hawaiian tradition says that a part of the people sailed south, and landed on some of the other islands.

In Hawaii they have a plant called the Taro plant, from which they make their famous "poi." In New Zealand this same plant is found, but there the natives bake it and eat it like we do a sweet potato. Samoa and Tahiti also have this plant, but other than these places is the only other place where it is found is in Central America and the Northern part of South America (the old Land Bountiful) which scientists say is, as far as they can determine, the original home of this plant. The traditions are that the people carried this plant with them wherever they went, and have thus transplanted it to the South Sea Isles.

In 1920 a party of fourteen natives went from New Zealand to the Hawaiian temple to do temple work there. The Maoris had no written language, but they used to have their morning prayer meeting or "karikia" as they called it. At that time they would sing their genealogy over, and go from generation to generation. When our missionaries taught the people about temple work and had

them started on compiling their genealogies it was marvelous how far back they could trace their ancestry. One brother, Brother Duncan, traced his back over one hundred generations. When this company arrived in Hawaii they immediately went out to Laie where the temple is, and began work. In going over some of the Hawaiian genealogies Brother Duncan came across the name of "Hema." That sounded familiar to him, since he recalled having that same name in his genealogy. Accordingly he examined his and found that same name, it appearing sixty-five generations ago (from 1920). It also had appeared in the Hawaiian account sixty-five generations before. Then they looked up the parents of Hema and found them (just one name is remembered by me now) to be in the Maori as "Whaetiri" and in the Hawaiian as "Aekiri," the word being the same one, having undergone the slight change due to the separation of the tribes. From then on back as far as they had the data compiled, these two genealogies coincided. Then other similar discoveries were made by other members of the party, and there was not the slightest doubt but what their fathers had come from Hawaii. So great was the joy of the Hawaiians in this discovery that a royal welcome reception and banquet was given by all of the aristocratic Hawaiians (most of whom were not members of the Church, but were convinced of the connection that had been made), and it was said that Honolulu had not known such an elaborate display of native costumes, etc., since Queen Liliuokalani, died.

Thus these two races, which were originally one, have become reunited, and their common ancestry proved beyond all doubt.

Another proof, showing that the old Hawaiian traditions are not at fault in saying that their ancestors came from the American continent is the following: One day a bottle was picked up on the beach at Laie. The bottle was opened and found to contain a note from the U. S. Geological Survey, giving the day, month, and year, that the bottle was thrown into the ocean, it being thrown in off the coast of Southern California. When it was picked up at Laie it was just six days from the time it was thrown into the water, or the bottle had made better time than the steamships making the trip from the mainland to the islands make. There was a request in this note that the

place and date the bottle was found be reported to the U. S. Geological Survey in Washington, which was done, so the evidence of this truth is on file there. Before this time, and also since, much Oregon pine has come up on the shores of the Hawaiian Islands as driftwood, showing that there is certainly a strong ocean current from the mainland to these Islands. Is it then not quite probable that the second company of Hagoth and his followers were caught in this same current and carried down to the Hawaiian Islands?

The Right Thing at all Times

AMONG civilized people there seems to be a great desire to know the rules of conduct governing certain times and occasions. During one season the M Men and Gleaners of the Church studied etiquette, and so great was their interest that in answer to a questionnaire as to what subject they would best like to study, many of them expressed their preference for a continuation of the same. Since, however, there were many who preferred a change, it was decided to suggest another line of study, and then go back to "Etiquette." Their evident interest has brought about the preparation of a book on the subject, "The Right Thing at all Times," which is now ready and full of valuable information in this field. The introduction to the little volume which expresses the spirit permeating its pages, follows:

Lovely behavior is the natural outgrowth and expression of a beautiful, harmonious and lovely character.

In order to behave beautifully, one must cultivate assiduously the graces of the spirit, striving against selfishness, ill temper, irritability, and cultivating generosity, kindess, self-denial and love. These are the graces that make the humblest home beautiful, and without which the costliest mansion is an empty shell.

Mere mechanical deportment is worth very little. It smacks of a culture which is simply veneered on, so to speak. Such a veneer is easily cracked, soon broken.

The culture we desire for our young people is a spiritual culture which must come from within. Rightly to control temper, speech and conduct requires help from the Divine Spirit. We cannot accomplish these things in our own strength, but must seek the guidance of our Heavenly Father.

Our young people will learn those inward graces which make character. They will learn that true etiquette begins in the home, and that proper conduct and courtesy toward father, mother, brothers and sisters will be the foundation upon which all their behavior in life will be built. They will learn that true culture is one that includes the heart, as well as the intellect, that elevates and gives self poise and dignity to the whole nature.

They will learn that religious culture is the most important of all, and that to live in harmony with God's laws will give them their highest happiness. They will learn the proper attitude toward and

[Continued on page 306]

Calendar for March

- Mar. 3—M Men-Gleaner Activity—Drama.
- Mar. 10—Discussion—Gleaning.
- Mar. 17—Ward "Honor Night."
- Mar. 24—Discussion—Gleaning.
- Mar. 31—Discussion—Gleaning.



JUNIOR GIRLS DEPARTMENT Committee

Laura P. Nicholson, Chairman; Agnes S. Knowlton, Julia S. Baxter, Emma Goddard, Katie C. Jensen

Believing and Doing

THE three chapters in our text scheduled for March are "The Promised Land," "Freedom in Worship," and "The Blessing of Law."

After having spent two evenings in considering the Book of Mormon, the quotations referred to in Chapter XVII should be of more than ordinary interest. As one reads the sacred volume one is convinced that it is entirely an American book, its whole theme bound up in the destinies of this "promised land." It bears overwhelming testimony to the fact that there was to be divine direction over this land and people.

Make the discussion as simple as possible. While the 10th Article of Faith should be repeated, it may be well to dwell only on that part which treats of the gathering of Israel and the establishment of Zion on this continent. Take time to discuss the questions in bold type; it will be particularly interesting to work out the suggestions on p. 68.

Chapter XVIII, we believe, will present no difficulties. The group should be impressed with the fact that the Latter-day Saints regard all people as their brothers and sisters; all are the children of God and objects of his love; he shows favor to all who are willing to serve him. While the Church to which we belong is the only one possessing divine authority and organized according to his plan, it is open and free for all, and those who do not accept the Gospel are to be respected in their views.

Pay particular attention to the problems on p. 73.

Chapter XIX provides opportunity for a frank discussion by the girls on the blessings which come through the observance of the Word of Wisdom. If tactfully and lovingly guided each group may be made to see clearly the evils of the use of tobacco and all forms of liquor and may be strengthened in their determination to avoid these things. Some groups may decide either individually or as a group, to form some definite rules of living in accordance with law. If any such resolutions are formed the General committee would be glad to have them reported.

Junior Project

ONLY a thought, but the work it wrought
Could never by tongue or pen be taught,
But it ran through a life like a thread of gold,
And the life bore fruit a hundredfold.

You never can tell what your thoughts will do
In bringing you hate or love,
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swift as a carrier dove.
They follow the law of the universe—
Each thing must create its kind—
And they speed o'er the track to bring you back,
Whatever went out from your mind.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

"As a man thinketh, so is he."
"We will develop vigorous minds and bodies through right thinking and living."

Class leaders will remember that in the October number of the *Era* the Junior department gave a sample health score which treated personal cleanliness and physical perfection. Many interesting reports have been sent in to the General Committee. For the first Tuesday in April we will consider the development of the mind in all the phases that would touch the sixteen and seventeen year old girl. Let us make this period a real activity one by being thoroughly prepared with interesting tests and competitive games.

Some simple games which may be used are:

1. Give the names of good books and authors. After a few moments read the names of the authors and girls tell which books each one wrote.
2. Have list of ten words of three letters each either on blackboard or on slips of paper. Permit girls to study for two minutes and then taking the words from their sight ask them to repeat as many as possible, the one getting the highest winning an inexpensive prize.
3. Give several well known quotations and who gave them and after a brief pause read them again, asking girls to tell you who wrote them.

4. Repeat several common nouns, one at a time asking each girl to tell the very first thought that came into

her mind upon hearing the word. This is very amusing.

5. Show girls a picture, say a Dutch scene. Then see which girl can tell the most about the picture and what it contains. A piece of cloth or wall paper with a number of bright colors may be used in this way.

6. Give two or three girls fictitious names. Introduce them to class by new name. Ask class to associate the names with some object, place or person. When each girl is introduced, this is a good way to remember a person's name. For example: a girl's name is Miss Dewey; into the mind may come the thought of Admiral Dewey. The name will always be remembered.

How many girls can repeat the blessing on the bread and on the water. Show how we lack the power of concentration during the passing of the sacrament. Discuss.

It has been declared by one scientist that the average person has only developed a small part of his mental ability and when one is unusually brilliant he may have registered 20% in a mental test. As science is eternally changing this may be merely a passing observation, but how wonderful we might be if we developed 30—40—or 50% and so on. Do you think anyone has been mentally developed 100% before death?

HELPS TO MENTAL CONTROL

What effect does mental efficiency have upon poise, character, timidity, influence, common sense, opportunity, perseverance, speech, personality?

Upon awakening in the morning which starts action first, the mind or body?

Discuss some simple rules by which we may obtain mental control or will power:

1. By letting the mind register a good thought every morning.

2. By offering morning prayer. Do we merely say the words with unfeeling hearts; do we fail to concentrate? We may keep our thoughts on what we are saying by keeping in mind the Being to whom we are praying.

3. By cultivating a beautiful mental picture of life and its tasks while we are bathing, dressing and making ourselves attractive for the day's work or school.

4. By filling our minds so full of wholesome, pure thoughts during our leisure hours that we have no time to listen to unclean stories or music.

5. By selecting the best reading material, learning early in life the art of putting aside the trash offered in magazines and common books and developing the mind and enlarging the education through reading only the best. Remember "he is never alone who is accompanied by good books."

6. By thinking well of everyone; then the mouth will never utter the unkind

[Continued on page 311]



Dr. George R. Hill, Jr., and Charley R. Mahey, Chairmen; Nicholas G. Smith, German E. Ellsworth, Le-Roi C. Snow, Ernest P. Horsley

Historic Characters

FOLLOWING our suggestions in the February issue we give names of historic Indian characters with short sketches of their lives.

Sowiette, a chief over the Timpanogos, the Uintahs and the Sand-patches, was a lover of peace and a great friend of President Young's. As early as 1849 Chief Walker brought a message from his superior to the authorities asking that the "Mormons" visit his people. The following year it was reported that Sowiette would not fight, as he was heeding the advice of his white friend and within another twelve months, on June 9th, 1851, in company with three other Indian chiefs,—Walker, Arapene and Unhoquitch—he visited the President. A peculiar sidelight of his character is shown in his refusal to receive presents from Major Armstrong, the Indian agent, because he said some of his young men were stealing corn from the white man's cribs, he was afraid they might cause trouble and he would rather sacrifice the gifts than run the risk of a disturbance.

So great had Sowiette's power grown that in 1867 he was chief over 4000 Indians and so much respected that no chief would sign a treaty until he, "their father," had signed.

In the spring of 1850, Walker, the head of the Ute nation, conceived the idea of massacring the fifty or more whites living at Fort Utah (Provo). Sowiette objected and said to Walker, "When you and your men get in there you will find me and my men helping the 'Mormons'!"

Washakie, chief of the Shoshone tribe of Indians for 60 years, was born about 1804. As early as 1840 he was the acknowledged head of his tribe. In appearance he was a large man of commanding presence and is said to have somewhat resembled Washington.

Washakie first appears in the history of the white man when he and Chief Wahker (Walker) appeared before President Young and asked the latter to adjudicate a dispute between them. In 1856 Washakie's tribe is said to have numbered 3000 warriors, each of whom possessed at least one pony, a gun and a quantity of ammunition, besides a knife. They made their headquarters on the Green River in what is now Fremont County, Wyoming. There he and his people

were visited by Latter-day Saint missionaries, who were making a settlement called Fort Supply, near Fort Bridger. The Book of Mormon was presented to the chief and, while many of his followers rejected the book, Washakie was much impressed and reproved the other chiefs for their hasty judgment. Ever after that he was the firm friend of the Saints and visited President Young many times in Salt Lake City. He realized that the invasion of the whites must of necessity change the mode of living of the Indians and welcomed the idea of reservations for his people where they could receive assistance in learning to cultivate the soil.

Washakie died on the Indian reservation at Fort Washakie, Wyoming, and was buried with military honors by the officers of the post.

Joseph Walker (Wah-ker), a Pah-vant Indian chief, was born at or near Spanish Fork about 1808. When he was about 20 years of age a portion of his tribe joined the Shoshones. His father and a number of others refused to do this and as a result Walker's father was shot. Walker and his brother Arapene retaliated and shot four of the Shoshones and Walker took charge of the tribe as their acknowledged chief.

About two years before the arrival of the Saints in the valley of the Great Salt Lake, Walker, being very sick, claimed that his spirit left his

body and that he conversed with God, or the Great Spirit, who told him that he must go back, as there was work for him to do and that a number of white men would visit him soon. The arrival of Brigham Young and his colony seemed to fulfill this prediction.

In the fall of 1849 Apostle Parley P. Pratt and Elders Dan Jones and Dimick B. Huntington visited Walker's camp, at his request. At that time many of the tribe were sick and the elders laid hands upon them and they were healed. For some time after this he staunchly refused to lead attacks against the settlers. But he was a man of a fiery and warlike nature and, like many of his white brethren, he did not always choose the better path. It was his boast that he had never shed the blood of a white man, but the Walker War in 1853 and 1854 caused the death of at least nineteen settlers in Southern Utah. In 1854 Walker made peace with President Young and in 1855 he died. He was held in high esteem by his tribe, which buried him with honors. The ceremony included the killing of two squaws, two Pie-de children and fifteen horses.

There is no doubt that Walker had it in his power to do much harm to the early settlers and that he used that power largely for their benefit. His brother, Arapene, succeeded him as chief of the tribe.

Kanosh, chief of the Pah-vants, gave some trouble to the Saints in the early settlement of Southern Utah, but in 1854 he made peace with them and from that time forward was friendly and lent considerable aid in defending them against marauding bands. He became a member of the Church and on May 11, 1875, was ordained an elder. He married Sally, an Indian girl who had been rescued from a band of Indians who were about to kill her and was then living in the family of President Young. Soon after her marriage she was killed by the first wife who was jealous of her. Sally was also a faithful member of the Church and was buried in her temple robes by the authorities of the Church at Kanosh, Millard County. The site of the town of Kanosh was on part of the camping ground of Kanosh and his tribe. Kanosh died Dec. 4th, 1881, at Kanosh, which at that time was part of the Pahute Indian reservation.

These short biographies are merely suggestive. There are literally scores of others. The careers of those named center in Utah, but Idaho, Wyoming, Nevada, Arizona, New Mexico and all the other states in which the Latter-day Saints live are replete with similar examples. It is our hope that the Scouts and Vanguards will fasten on to these and make their fine characters live again in appropriate monuments.

PROFESSOR PAUL WILD-HABER, who painted the picture presented on page 289, is an eminent Swiss artist, and has produced murals of unusual spirit for the walls of churches, theatres, libraries, and other public buildings in widely separated parts of the world, as in Paris, France; Munich, Germany; Cairo, Egypt; Bucharest, Roumania; in San Marino, Italy; and in various places in the United States. In the Library in Detroit he has portrayed the great Indian chief, Pontiac. Recently he completed an historical mural, 40x60 feet, for the L. D. S. Chapel in Baldwin Park, California.

He was a friend of Queen Carmen Sylva of Roumania, patron of art, and he completed mural paintings for the palace of the late King Carl.



BEEHIVE GIRLS DEPARTMENT

Committee

Sarah R. Cannon, Chairman; Catherine Folsom, Vida F. Clawson, Glenn J. Beeley, Marie C. Thomas, Elsie T. Brandley

Calendar for March

BUILDERS IN THE HIVE

March 3—Guide 22—Mending (Foundation Cell No. 4).

March 10—Guide 23—Understand Beauty.

March 17—Guide 24—Beauty in the Home.

March 24—Guide 25—Open for your Planning.

March 31—Guide 26—Beauty of Person.

GATHERERS OF HONEY

March 3—Guide 22—Service Cells.

March 10—Guide 23—Nature's Phenomena.

March 17—Guide 24—Open for your planning.

March 24—Guide 25—Reading.

March 31—Guide 26—Feel Joy.

THE regular program for the season is fast drawing toward a close, and the months of April and May are planned in a different way. The *Era* for January and February contain suggestions and outlines concerning the April-May program in all departments, and it is supposed that the entire association will gather together to enjoy the programs furnished by other departments for the last half-hour. There are two guides for each rank in the Bee-Hive to be completed after the first of April and in addition several evenings, the first period of which can be devoted to checking and cell-filling. April and May are months in which there is much extra work to be done, with the end of the season so near, but the additional effort required is more than repaid in the satisfaction of feeling the year's work well finished, with no loose ends left flying.

Liberty Stake

ACH girl in the Thirty-third Ward of Liberty Stake has forty-three more cells than she had a month ago. Sister Lund, the teacher, has an ingenious mind and a ready imagination, which stimulates her girls to achievements of the unusual kind. One project took considerable work, but was much more fun for the girls than they ever expected. Here we had girls eager to set the table and to know how to do it correctly, also

they were all scrambling to do the dishes afterwards. It is part of Bee-Hive work to put beauty and enthusiasm into the ordinary!

In order to have a banquet for the mothers and daughters, the girls decided to make the bread, also the two kinds of cake, and to plan the dinner so as to have a healthful menu. A banquet must be set on a pretty, well set table, and the silverware must be cleaned and polished; it must be served correctly, and taken from the right side. Each girl introduced her mother to the other guests and led her to her place. There must be entertainment, so the girls had prepared a playlet which they acted out. The pretty songs that they sang as duets, trios and choruses had all been written by these girls. Last of all, a girl must know how to close such a gathering as this with prayer; suitable prayers were written for three occasions and one selected for this.

Liberty Stake Bee Keepers were very much delighted with this effort and its results, as it was an occasion to be cherished in the memories of those girls.

Evelyn Wood,
Liberty Stake.

California Mission

MISS JESSIE BURNHAM, President of the Y. L. M. I. A. of the California Mission, makes the following interesting report:

"An investigator in northern California is organizing a Bee-Hive class of non-member girls. They live in rather a rough town and she has become interested in the Gospel through the missionaries and liked our ideals so well that she expressed herself anxious to pass them on to some of the girls she knew, as they were not having the training she felt they needed. I am very interested in this little class. It has just been started and I am anxious to know how it is going to work out. It is quite unique I think, having a non-member Bee-keeper as well as Bee-Hive girls."

Pocatello Stake

ELLA HOWELL, Stake Bee-keeper, writes as follows:

We held our first event Nov. 7th. It was a big success. We had one hundred girls and their Bee-keepers present, with four wards excused. We

practiced Bee-Hive songs for an hour. Each ward was asked to give a stunt, game or anything they wished, to entertain the others. They came prepared with a dramatization, solo, chorus, ukulele duet, folk dance and games. After the program we served sandwiches, punch and candy. Then we danced half an hour before dismissing.

The year-around program is as follows:

1. Song practice and social.
2. Demonstration of handwork.
3. Lecture on physical hygiene and beauty.
4. Dance. Each girl to invite a partner.
5. Lecture—Gardening and Flowers.
6. Drama and program to finance summer work.
7. Contest and demonstration of handwork and scrap-books.
8. Swarm Day.
9. Trip to Logan Temple.
10. Outing.

Bee-Hive Institutes

DURING the season of 1930-31 there has been a sincere effort put forth to render as much assistance as possible to ward and stake workers in the Bee-Hive. Realizing the fact that Bee-Hive work is of such a nature as to require constant attention and diversified ability on the part of leaders, the General Board has sent representatives to various localities, following up the fall conventions, to give extra help in the form of suggestions, demonstrations and consultations. At Dixie College, Brigham Young University, Burley and Rexburg Leadership Weeks the Bee-Hive has come in for its share of attention, and excellent reports have been received from those in attendance at the various places. In Salt Lake City, for the accommodation of the eleven stakes surrounding, an institute is being held from January 21 to April 1 for Bee-keepers, and the results have been most gratifying. Meeting at 7 p. m. each Wednesday, it was planned to devote part of the time to Red Cross instruction in First Aid, under the direction of official instructors, and by courtesy of the Deseret Gymnasium, and the last period to handicraft, under the direction of Glenn J. Beeley and associated members of the Bee-Hive Committee. In answer to the notice sent out concerning the institute, some 150 Bee-keepers responded, which was so large a number that it became necessary to divide the group and conduct the two classes separately. It is hoped that much of the material used in this institute can

[Continued on page 307]

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Expatriation

[Continued from page 267]

choice, I would be the lucky dog."

THE girl's defenses crumbled before Dick's resolute attack. At most she had no more than a sixteenth of foreign blood in her veins. That mixture, he assured her, had made of her the most perfect woman it was ever his privilege to meet. Herself perfectly white as far as any human being could tell, it was useless to worry, as she always did when the subject came up, about her offspring whose colored blood would be reduced to a thirty-second part. She need never return to the States, or at least not to her former home. If she would not be moved by her own sufferings she should consider the suffering of those who loved her.

"Run up the white flag, my girl," Dick urged. "The ship is sinking; don't go down with it."

Nell could not withstand the assault. But, though utterly defeated, she would not capitulate.

"Oh, Dick," she pleaded wearily, "I'm no match for you in skillful argument, perhaps not in will power, but still I'm not ready to do as you request. As you say, Nate will marry Jessie and I shall try to feel reconciled, but I have not ceased to love him. We shall never meet again, and my love can do neither of us harm."

"But my dear girl, answer this: If you'll forget for a moment your birth, and it should be forgotten forever, aren't you beginning to love me just a little?"

The question elicited no immediate answer. When it was tenderly repeated, she said:

"One of the troubles is, Dick, that I can't forget even for a moment. The thing to do is for you to forget."

"I can make you forget more easily than I can make myself."

"I am exhausted and must not hear anything more on this subject, at least not today."

The last words of the sentence kindled a new light in the lieutenant's eyes. He manifested his versatility by talking of other things and doing it most effectively. So delightfully companionable was he that at the conclusion

of the drive she reluctantly bade him good-bye until the following day.

"And haven't you anything more encouraging for me than a simple good-night?" he asked wistfully.

The girl hesitated, on the point of yielding. It was unfair to keep him in suspense, but she could not say yes, though the thought that he might never again make love to her was not easy to face.

"Nothing more now, Dick—dear," the last word inaudible.

"Then good-bye for today. Should you at any time need assistance, remember to hang a white sheet from your porch, see, I have the nails already driven, and I'll be with you in ten minutes."

From an easy chair on her porch Nell watched Dick's cutter race through the water to the gunboat. The little open cottage was quiet and restful after the sea voyage and the subsequent ride about the island. Long she sat resting and dreaming of Nate, of Jessie, but more of Dick than of either. From time to time she endeavored to turn her thoughts into other channels, but thoughts of him were as resistless as he himself was. What was to become of him and of her? Would she finally succumb to his insistent pleadings? Heretofore there had been something almost terrifying in the idea, but now to her surprise it induced a feeling akin to sweetness. A storm-battered schooner which recently had come to safe and peaceful anchorage in the Apia harbor arose before her mind. Had she reached port? Nell wondered what was changing her standards. Was it close association with colored races? Or was the weakening due to the fact that Nate, hitherto a source of great moral strength, had been taken out of her life? Would it not be wiser again to flee from temptation?

She remembered an expression of her adopted father's, repeated often as she grew up, "My daughter, it is much easier to avoid temptation than to overcome it."

The mail was due to leave Nu-kualofa the next morning, and Nell composed a long letter to Jessie in which she laid bare her heart, as the two girls until recently had always done.

"DICK is so forceful," a part of the letter ran, "that today he almost swept me off my feet; and at this moment I am more perplexed than at any previous period of my life. Of course more difficult tasks have confronted me, but then it was easier to decide what was right.

"I can see you asking yourself, 'Why should she consider Dick's proposal after refusing to marry Nate?' Perhaps I can't explain the difference even to my own satisfaction and much less to yours, but in my mind there is a great one. First of all I could never go into a family where I was not wanted. Dick's parents are dead, so that question is not a disturbing one. Dick assures me they loved me so intensely as a child that they would be delighted to have me as a daughter-in-law. Then Nate himself has been taught all his life the importance of marrying into a good family. I think you will remember one occasion when Mr. Everett and Judge Redfield discussed this subject in our presence and how pronounced they were in their opinions. Despite all this, however, you will never know how near I came to giving up the struggle and marrying Nate in Honolulu. Perhaps I should have yielded to his pleading, had it not been for the fact that when I mentioned children whose blood was not pure and who called him father, he gave an involuntary shudder, ever so slight but unmistakable. I do not blame him for it. The same thing would have happened to me had our positions been reversed, but if that had occurred after we were married and had children it would have killed me.

"Dick, on the other hand, doesn't view things in the same light. From all I can learn, his people were as reputable in every particular as the Everetts, but they were not born aristocrats. His father must have been a sturdy, honest man who left a splendid name on these islands, and his mother is revered as an angel. But Dick is sincere in thinking I magnify this defect in my birth. By constantly reminding me that my corrupted blood will be reduced to a thirty-second part in my offspring, he has almost convinced me that I am making too much of a trifle.

"Of course I don't love Dick as I once loved Nate, but perhaps that is because my trials have sobered me and killed much of the romance in my nature. You suggested there was something of the kind in Nate. However, I do think more of him than I thought it possible ever to think of a man again and it would wound me cruelly to see him suffer as he surely will do if he is rejected.

"Jessie, what shall I do? Oh, if you were only here to advise me, but the matter must be decided long before this can possibly come into your hands.

"It would break my heart to grieve Father and Mother, and after all the impressive lessons they have given me on the importance of devotion to principle, I fear they will be sadly disappointed if I give up now.

"But, Jessie, on board the steamer en route here, I saw a mother cuddling her curly-headed little boy to her breast. His big blue eyes looked up into her face, and he smiled as I have dreamed ever since girlhood that my own baby would some time do. Perhaps it's selfish or even wicked to feel this way, but to face life with no prospect of a fulfillment of my dreams seems today more than I can bear."

FOR a long time after finishing the letter, Nell sat looking over the harbor in the gather-

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ing darkness and wondered whether she dare mail it.

Her reverie was abruptly terminated by the entrance of her native hostess, Mrs. Brooke. The newcomer was a kindly soul, evidently partly white, and with an excellent knowledge of English, which she used volubly.

"I suppose you would rather have your meals served on the table than on the floor," she remarked as she made preparations for the evening repast.

Receiving an affirmative reply, she continued: "My father was white, so was my husband and I'm used to white folks' ways. That's why I brought this furniture from my home in Vauvau." "Nukualofa isn't your home then?"

"I was born not a mile away and lived here until I was married. Came back a little while ago after my husband died. I'm almost sorry I did, for now nearly all the people I meet are strangers, and I used to know everybody." The lonely woman continued to talk until the weary visitor, who had slept but little the night before concluded her hostess must be closely related to Tennyson's brook which went on forever.

SOUTH Sea Islanders are never known to hurry, and Mrs. Brooke took her time in placing breakfast upon the table on the following morning. More than once her eyes lingered enquiringly upon the guest, and while the latter was eating the woman stared at her almost rudely.

"You remind me of someone, Miss Redfield," she said apologetically, noting the look of annoyance on the other's face, "but I can't quite remember who it is or was, for it must have been a long time ago. Were you ever in Nukualofa before?"

"No; I was born in Samoa but left there as a small child, and this is my first visit to any of the Tongan islands. Were you ever in Samoa?"

Remembering that General Howcroft had seen, or imagined he did, a resemblance between Miss Redfield and Nelly Alder, the girl was anxious to give another direction to Mrs. Brooke's thoughts.

DICK'S arrival interrupted the conversation. It was

evident the young officer was in a hopeful mood. After the woman had left the room, Nell commented on his joyousness.

"Your promotion seems to have made you very happy, Dick."

"That's so; I have been promoted, but this is the first time I've thought of it today. I've been thinking of something very much more interesting. Are you acquainted with sailor's lore?"

"Only to a very limited extent."

"Some ignorant people call it superstition, but I resent that. Well, last night I saw two meteors going in different directions. You will admit of course that means I am to have good luck today. You can't beat two meteors, even if there was nothing else. But there was. Couldn't sleep for thinking of you but finally did doze and dreamed we were to be married. An east wind was blowing, too, which makes that a sure sign. Before daylight I went up on deck and stumbled on the stairs when near the top, indicating that the marriage will soon take place."

"Toward morning I managed to drop off to sleep again and this time dreamed of an anchor, the best kind of an omen. All these things were surely enough to satisfy any reasonable man that a lot of good luck was coming to him, but this morning a crowd of sailors who were out in one of the boats caught a porpoise, cut off its tail and upon their return tied it to the masthead. Now, even you'll have to agree with me that there's no way of beating such a combination."

"But, Dick, doesn't Shakespeare refer somewhere to the porpoise as an omen of ill?"

"Does he? I'm not much up on Shakespeare, but you surely won't claim that he knew as much about porpoises as a sailor does."

Nell knew he was watching her closely to note the effect of his raillery.

"Being more expert with boats than with horses," he went on, "I wish you'd go for a ride in the cutter today. We'll have a better propeller and can make more headway."

"Under those circumstances perhaps I should decline. You made rather too much headway yesterday, I'm afraid."

The young fellow looked at her eagerly. "You mean that I did succeed a little in making you re-

consider your foolish decision?"

"I mean nothing, except that I shall be glad to have the ride, but on condition that you talk of your travels, your parents, your fights and such subjects."

"And my hopes? Surely you'll not bar them."

"No; you mustn't talk of them this morning."

"All right, I agree, but with the understanding that you go with me again this afternoon or evening and no holds barred."

"What does that mean?"

"Only an expression used mostly by wrestlers. What I mean is that you'll let me talk about anything I please."

"No, I'll not accept your invitation on any such terms, but I will go this morning, if you like, on the conditions named, and we'll decide later about an evening ride."

ON the way to the boat they came to the post office, and the letter to Jessie was mailed.

The excursion among the small islands dotting the harbor was delightful. One could not be sure where the most gorgeous colors were, on the water or the fish therein or the tints of the early morning sun on green tropical islands. One of these, low-lying in the distance, looked like a man of war, the stately coconut trees forming the masts. In a scenic little cove, Dick landed and returned in a few moments loaded with bananas, coconuts, oranges and guavas. The young chap was on his best behavior, and at the conclusion of the ride his companion was in readiness to accept a later invitation and to place no restrictions upon it.

She was more nearly her natural self than at any time since leaving the States. Never had Dick seen her so young and gay. As they parted Nell wondered whether the trip was as enjoyable as it might have been if she had permitted her companion to speak of the things which were nearest his heart. Actually there was a trace of disappointment that he had been so implicitly obedient.

"You'll go again this afternoon?" he asked. "I have to entertain some of these native officials until three. It's great fun, and I wish you could be with us. Their ceremonious compliments are as thick as oaths on shipboard.

You'll be ready about four?" As she indicated a willingness, he added, "And no holds barred?" She laughed gaily and left him without answer.

TOWARD the middle of the afternoon Mrs. Brooke came to where Nell was dreaming on the porch, nearer complete happiness than she had been for many months.

"I'm going to call on some friends, Miss Redfield. Would you like to walk with me?"

"I think not today, thank you. But there are places I want you to show me sometime. My father and a friend of his owned an orange plantation here, and I would like to see it. If you were in Nukualofa about twenty-five years ago, did you happen to know John Z. Terry?"

"John Z. Terry? Why I should say I did." Then a startled expression came over the woman's face as she scanned the other's features. The girl, fearing that the humiliating resemblance had been detected, could not meet the searching gaze.

"I remember now!" Mrs. Brooke was shrilly triumphant. "You look like Nelly Alder who married John Terry. Are you related to her?"

The girl shuddered convulsively. Was the resemblance to her mother so marked that a total stranger could detect it? And this was the second time! In both instances where she had talked with old residents of the islands about Mr. and Mrs. Terry, the result was the same.

EVADING the woman's question, Nell walked out of the house and down the long pier leading to the landing place. The *Tofua* was still at the wharf taking on a cargo of oranges, and the temptation came strongly over her to continue with it to Fiji and New Zealand. There were sure to be other people in this place who knew her mother, and her feelings would constantly be wounded by reference to the detestable resemblance. Learning that the *Tofua* would not leave before morning she decided to make no definite plan until later.

It was a vastly different Nell who met Dick at the appointed hour. The brief conversation with

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Mrs. Brooke had taken all the sweetness out of life. Again it had become colorless and dreary, and she wondered how her condition could have been forgotten even for a moment. That the sun could shine amid such gloom was surprising. She was so like her mother that it attracted the notice of all who knew them both. And to be thinking even vaguely of love and marriage!

The afternoon ride was not a cheerful one. She made no effort to hide from Dick the cause of her mental distress, and his attempts to show her that this natural likeness made not the slightest difference in the case were wholly unsuccessful.

Mrs. Brooke was bustling about the house as her guest came up the steps after the ride. It was evident from the woman's manner that the revelation of the afternoon was on her mind.

"You didn't answer the question I asked this morning. Are you related to Nelly Alder?"

NELL had been in doubt as to how this question, if repeated, should be answered. Now the woman stood before her and put it directly. There could be no evasion.

"Was she kin of yours?" Mrs. Brooke asked.

"She was my mother," the girl answered impulsively.

Her distress was attributed to an entirely different cause. The surprised attendant took Nell tenderly in her arms, then held the girl before her.

"You Nelly Alder's daughter! Why, how can that be possible? Yet when I look into your face it is the easiest thing in the world to believe. You're a beautiful image of her, child."

She continued to caress the weeping girl.

"I can understand your feelings. If you are as tender-hearted and sensitive as your mother was, it is very hard for you to come to the place where she is buried and

where you were born, for you were born less than ten minutes' walk from here, not in Samoa."

The girl looked dazedly at the other.

"You are mistaken," she said. "My mother and father are buried side by side in Samoa. I have seen their graves often. And I was born in that land. At least I have always understood so, though now that I think of it, I don't know where that idea came from."

"If you are Nelly Alder's daughter, and there can't possibly be a mistake about that, you were born here, and I was the first one to care for you. Nelly and I often played together when she visited Tonga with her father. Then for a long time she was in England at school. On her first visit after that she met John Terry; I introduced them to each other. They fell in love and soon were married. I helped her to get ready for the wedding; was with her when the baby came, and a few days later dressed her for burial."

"But I don't understand," said the bewildered girl. "My parents were acquainted for a long time in Fiji."

"Nelly Alder was never in Fiji in her life. For some unknown reason her father would not permit her to go there."

THE girl was clinging excitedly to the woman.

"Tell me everything you know about my parents. Tell it! Tell it quickly! John Terry was my father, Nelly Alder my mother, and they are both buried in Samoa."

"Nelly Alder is buried here. I can easily show you her grave. Surely you can't be Elinor's child!"

With brain awhirl and consciousness fast leaving her, the startled girl staggered to a chair.

"Hang a white sheet on the front porch quickly! I'm going to faint."

A Long Time to Get a New Idea Enforced

IT took well nigh 100 years of agitation to get the prohibition of the slave traffic enacted into law but on the last day of 1807, the slave traffic ended legally in the United States. In 1810, however, President Monroe in his message speaks of the illicit traffic which has grown up and calls for stricter laws making for better enforcement against the illicit traffic of slaves. In the thirties we read that over 200,000 slaves annually were smuggled across the Atlantic ocean.

As a Native East Indian Views the Situation

[Continued from page 263]

itary training. Obedience to laws and payment of taxes were to be refused. English manufactures were to be boycotted. To supply the needs of the Indian people, Indian industries must be rehabilitated and encouraged. Thus a political and economic independence would be realized and India would be freed from the clutches of British imperialistic tyranny. All this was to be accomplished by peaceful means, by the silent revolution of passive resistance, or as Gandhi called it, by returning good for evil. Once this spiritual principle was given up, once the Indian people deviated from the path of non-violence in word and deed, the cause would be lost. It was by self-discipline, inflexible resolution, firm determination, and unflinching courage against tremendous difficulties and heaviest odds that India could march triumphant to her goal and fulfill her cherished ambitions.

Hand in hand with the political and economic independence must proceed the social regeneration of India and the purification of her social customs and institutions. The sixty million untouchables who are denied the elementary human rights were to be accorded all facilities of education and national rights and were to be treated on a plane of perfect equality with the upper classes. The Indian masses who live in a world of their own, sunk in numerous superstitious practices, were to be reclaimed and educated in modern ways. The Indian women who labor under serious disabilities and are the victims of heredity, ignorant social customs and primitive superstitions were to be freed and given equal privileges with the men. Lastly, Indians were to abstain from drink and intoxicating drugs and were to part with all their filthy and unsocial habits.

THIS is the program by which Mahatma Gandhi has stirred India to her very depths and has loosened the British strangle-hold on the Indian people. Gandhi and his followers have been working on it for the last ten years and the success they have accomplished

is enormous. They have brought about a tremendous transformation in the thought-life of the Indian people and have let loose moral and spiritual forces that are changing the face of Hindustan and modifying the political and cultural relations between the East and the West. Yesterday that vast ocean—Indian society—was in a state of ignoble inertia, and submissively acquiesced in foreign domination as the law of nature and the will of divine Providence. Today it is agitated by ambitious national aspirations and emphatically refuses to be controlled by its English rulers. A tide of nationalism is sweeping over the Indian continent, and a cry for patriotism, freedom, no more alien exploitation and emancipation echo through city and jungle. More than sixty thousand Indian patriots have voluntarily courted hardships and at present are undergoing terms of imprisonment in British jails. All kinds of repression have been resorted to by the Indian government and no effort is spared to stifle the movement for national freedom. Indian National Congress has been declared an unlawful body along with district congress committees; meetings have been prohibited and dispersed; speakers and writers have been arrested and imprisoned; but the movement progresses unchecked. India is in a state of non-violent revolt. The movement for Indian freedom has taken deep root and has gone out of the control of the Indian government. It can be repressed, but it cannot be suppressed. The most pleasing feature of the movement is the active support it is getting from the women, who take part in civil disobedience and picket all liquor shops.

The mass civil disobedience movement under the leadership of Mahatma Gandhi is telling powerfully on the morale of the Indian government and is drowning its prestige in the minds of the Indian people. A generation ago British prestige in India was immense and the people looked upon Englishmen with genuine awe and submissively acquiesced in their paramount authority and despotic rule.

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But all is now changed. British imperial prestige has gone by the board and British rule is denounced as satanic and as the product of commercial greed and economic exploitation. It is no longer feared, but is bitterly assailed as foreign and is hated by all classes of the Indian people. The very basis of the British government in India is being wholly undermined and a universal boycott of everything British as launched by the Indian National Congress is hastening its final dissolution. Already the Indian government is faced with a huge deficit and is in financial straits. The Indian peasants, who constitute eighty per cent of the Indian people, refuse to pay their land taxes; local Indian officials who helped their British masters collect taxes and carry on the administration of the country resign by the scores; the Indian traders and merchants sign pledges not to import any British made cloth and article; and the Indian army and the Indian police refuse to shoot down their innocent countrymen and countrywomen. The Indian weapon of passive resistance and boycott is infinitely more potent and effective than any armed resistance. The sale of British cloth has gone down in Indian bazaars to as low as 20 per cent of its value, and many English factories are threatened with industrial ruin. Hundreds of English workers are thrown out of employment and are brought to the verge of starvation. The British commercial interests are crying out for an immediate settlement with Gandhi and for the normal restoration of trade between the two countries. It would seem that the British government will be forced sooner or later to concede the demands of the Indian people and to accord them the full rights of a self-governing nation.

government salt monopoly has destroyed the indigenous salt-manufacturing industry from all seaside places and all inland regions where there are saline deposits and salt mines. No Indian can extract salt from the earth and no native corporation is allowed to engage in manufacturing salt. The government alone claims that right and fixes its own price. It derives more than seventy million rupees (a rupee is worth approximately thirty-six cents) from the salt monopoly every year in the form of taxation, and this falls heaviest on the poorer classes.

The vast majority of Indians are poor and extract their sustenance from the soil. They and their cattle need salt in vast quantities in order to preserve their health, because it keeps them immune from the many prevailing tropical diseases. The poor Indian people cannot afford to buy as much salt as they need due to this government monopoly and increased price. In the old days there was no tax on salt and every Indian was free to get as much as he needed. That is why all India is determined to do away with the salt monopoly and to refuse to pay any tax levied on it. American readers will be able to realize the oppressive character of this monopoly and tax when they are reminded of the historic French gabelle, or salt tax.

THE significance of Mahatma Gandhi's civil disobedience movement becomes apparent when one realizes the slender basis of British rule in India and the difficulties under which it labors. Gandhi's scheme of liberating India by peculiar, and one might almost say unhistorical methods, is not a mere fantastic dream and impractical vision, but is rooted in the basic realities of the situation. British rule in India rests on very artificial and dilapidated walls, and is without those solid foundations that weather the popular storms and ward off sudden explosions. Hitherto it has held its own and has tided over several crises remarkably well, because it could successfully exacerbate the differences among the Indian people and could play off one against the other. But this is no longer possible. Whatever may be the animosities among the different populations, castes and creeds of India they are violently opposed to

OF infinitely more importance and significance is the destruction of the salt monopoly of the Indian government by the Indian National Congress. Few Westerners realize the importance of the crusade against salt law, or understand the astute move of Mahatma Gandhi to unite the Indian people and to bring the Indian government to its knees. Salt in India is a government monopoly and is a source of immense revenue to the Indian treasury. The

foreign domination and are firmly determined to do away with alien authority once for all. Brahman and Sudra, Hindu and Muslim, Sikh and Rajput, Punjabi and Bengali, are combined to wrest the government of the country from the hands of their English rulers and to work out their salvation in their own way.

When a people consisting of three hundred and twenty million souls has made up its minds to be free and a master in its own household, foreigners can never hope to keep it in humiliating and permanent subjection. The inhabitants of India are not savages; they are gifted people who during their long and honorable historic pasts have by their own efforts built up glorious cultures and systems of thought that are gaining recognition from all impartial men and women. Hitherto their greatest defect has been a lack of strong nationalistic spirit and political efficiency, which accounts for their present political degradation. But this defect the Indians are now overcoming. India is today resurgent, its people are coming of age and are displaying their innate capacity by not merely imitating but by adopting European ideas and methods of political organization and government. Unless all signs fail, a self-governing India is an ultimate certainty. To plead the unfitness, incompetency and religious differences as an excuse for the prolongation of foreign tutelage of India is to miss the whole point; because Hindustan refuses to put up with alien domination and is firmly resolved to have a national government of its own, run in the interests of its own citizens. This is the most important point to remember in connection with the Indian situation. If the British statesmen refuse to yield to India's just demands and to endow her with parliamentary institutions they will plunge the country in revolution and will condemn her to a welter of anarchy and political chaos. And an Indian revolution will be bad for the British Empire, bad for the whole East, bad for the world, since the repercussions of such a vast catastrophe will spread to the ends of the earth.

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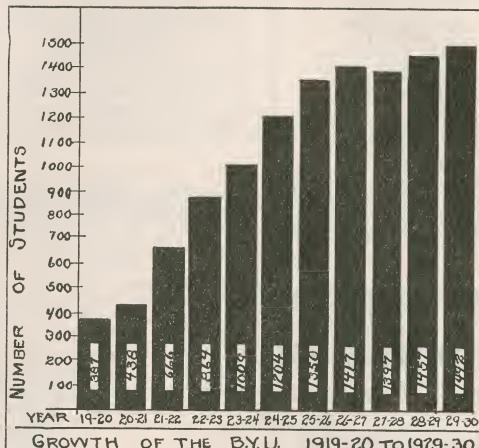
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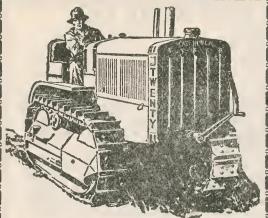
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Cliffs and Caves of Southern Utah

[Continued from page 270]

NEXT was unearthed cloth made of rabbit skin and feathers, with a kind of pottery much more crude and less beautiful than the other, indicating an earlier and lower form of workmanship.

The third discovery, which was first in point of time, was of material consisting of cedar bark and thistle fibre or yucca woven together in a primitive way to make robes and coverings of different kinds. Some of the mummies were wrapped in this style of raiment, and seemingly have been comfortable through all the years of their preservation in the dry, sterile sand in which they have rested. Contrary to the observation made by Irvin S. Cobb, after he had inspected certain mummies, these have made exceptionally good preserves.

THE pottery of this time can scarcely be called by that name, properly, being a mixture of basketry, made of reeds and mud, or clay bowls formed from gourds, and utensils made of horn. The home of a basket-maker was itself a basket, the frame being reeds which, plastered with clay, formed quite adequate walls, as proven by the fact that remnants of it still remain. It is debatable as to whether or not some of our mod-

ern homes could endure so long under similar conditions.

WEAPONS of warfare, crude as they were, have been found in numbers, most of them buried with the mummies who were not mummies at all at the time of burial. Bone and horn implements in a deerskin sack, articles made of pitch-gum and sand, bound with sinew, and other peculiar things were there, and in one cave, with a mummified body, was found a boomerang. A peculiar implement which was similar to one or two of the kind found in Guatemala was also found, and there an old Indian had described the use of the adleable, as it was called. Consisting of a stick, upon which a revolving piece was fastened, it was twirled with remarkable speed, and out of the groove cut in this piece flew arrows with tremendous momentum.

The pictures herewith reprinted were taken within a radius of 75 miles of the Natural Bridges of Utah (now a national monument of 7400 acres). This locality is the base of equipment and the point of departure for exploring parties, and Mr. Johnson, the officially appointed custodian and guide.

Gleaner Girls Department

[Continued from page 294]

conduct in houses of worship. They will learn that successful conversation is accomplished by being a good listener, as well as being able to talk upon the topics of the day with a well modulated voice and that interruptions and the use of slang are in poor taste. They will learn that they can converse with the greatest people in history by reading the best literature.

They will learn the proper conduct in public places, such as on the street, in the theatre, and elsewhere; how to give and receive introductions and how to present people to persons of distinction; how to use good taste in dress—that obtrusiveness in dress is as offensive as obtrusiveness in conduct.

They will learn table etiquette, and how to appear well and feel at ease while dining. They will learn of the little courtesies and kindnesses necessary for success in business.

They will learn the proper etiquette of the ballroom and will appreciate the cultural and aesthetic value of the dance; and forms and usages for other social events—and many, many other things that will help to make the wheels of life go round more smoothly. Above all they will learn that they can accomplish all of this through the spirit of God, and that they will be attuned to his spirit more readily through refinement than through coarseness.

Diamonds in the rough may be all right, but we prefer our jewels polished.

Let us not be content until these jewels shine with that perfect lustre which reflects a fine soul within, that we may be able to realize the prayer of David, "that our daughters may be like cornerstones, polished after the similitude of a palace."

Bee Hive Girls Department

[Continued from page 297]

later be sent out to each stake for the use of Bee-Keepers.

The Red Cross course consists of a study of the national requirements for Red Cross recognition, and will be of great value to Bee-Keepers and the girls to whom they pass on the information gained. The Handcraft course covers such subjects as hooked rugs, idea box, plain sewing and sewing machine attachments, budgeting, scrap-books, mending electrical fixtures, textiles, lamp-shade making, painting old furniture and the use of the symbol.

It might be practical in localities in which schools are situated to put on locally such courses, with the help of the physical education and domestic art instructors. Think about it for the next year.

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Foods for Health

New Ways of Cooking Vegetables

[Continued from page 284]

water is left when they are done serve it with them as juice. This method preserves the full flavor and valuable minerals.

6. Cook strong-flavored vegetables—turnips, onions, and the cabbage family in a *large amount* of boiling water in an *uncovered* saucepan, boil until just tender, drain *immediately* and serve at once. This method lessens the food value, but it eliminates the oils and gases which cause them to be strong in flavor and hard to digest. Strong-flavored vegetables may be cooked in a *small* amount of water in a *covered* dish in the oven. This method lessens the odor while cooking, retains full flavor and all food values, but it does not allow the *undesirable volatile produce to escape*.

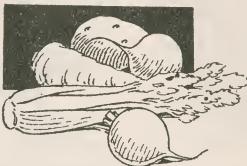
7. Cook spinach and other greens without water, other than that which adheres to the leaves after washing.

Steaming

THERE are a number of waterless cookers on the market which steam vegetables in their own natural moisture. This gives freedom from watching, and since several things can be cooked at one time—saves fuel. But vegetables take longer to cook by steaming than by sauce pan—small amount of water method hence not so good. Then, too, different vegetables require different periods of cooking time, and are generally better when cooked separately.

The King of Vegetables

THE potato is one of the most valuable of foods. It contains all the known vitamines and, being a starchy food, yields both heat and energy. It is more easily assimilated than any other form of



starch, and is much less fattening than bread. It is an inexpensive food because it is easily grown, and easily stored and kept through the winter. It has a flavor which blends well with other foods, and it should always be served in combination with fatty foods and green vegetables. Bread and potatoes are both starchy foods, and when large helpings of potatoes are being served at a meal, bread should be omitted.

Baked Potatoes

BAKING is the best method of cooking potatoes. Select sound, medium-sized ones, scrub and rinse well, and rub lightly with some form of fat. Place them in a hot oven about 375 fahrenheit and continue a steady heat until tender—about 45 or 50 minutes. Test by pinching with fingers. When done remove from oven immediately, roll slightly and pop open at one side, permitting the steam to escape. This makes them dry and flaky. Place in the opening a cube of butter and dash of paprika and serve at once. A tablespoon of chopped green onions, put inside the potato, adds a flavor pleasing to many people.

Hollywood has a restaurant famous for a potato dish called "Toad-in-the-Hole." It consists of a large Idaho russet potato baked—and in the opening is placed chopped green onions and a good sized piece of broiled tenderloin steak.

Boiled Potatoes

POTATOES always should be boiled in their jackets as this gives a better flavor and saves most of the mineral salts. After cooking the skins can be removed easily if desired. The potato is served

whole, then mashed with a little cream or milk. However, it is better to eat potatoes without removing their skins. It should be remembered that all starchy foods need thorough mastication and potatoes whether mashed or baked need as much mixture with saliva as do the more fibrous vegetables.

Potato and Egg Dish

3 cups mashed potatoes (hot)
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream
 1 pimento

Press the pimento through a sieve, and add to the potatoes—then add the cream and seasoning and beat well together. Place this mixture in a well buttered baking dish—smooth over and with a spoon make several depressions. Break into each depression a raw egg; dot with butter, and place in the oven until eggs are set. Strips of well fried bacon add to the tastiness of this dish.

Potato Pudding

This pudding may be made from left over mashed potatoes.

Put 2 cups of cold mashed potatoes in a double boiler with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of milk and a tablespoon of butter. When warm blend together and add two well beaten eggs. Beat the mixture together with egg beater, add seasoning and turn into a well greased baking dish. Sprinkle with bread crumbs, dot with butter, then place the baking dish in pan of hot water and bake in oven 15 minutes. The pudding comes out light and fluffy and is excellent for children.

Potato Soup

4 cups of milk
 1 onion
 2 cloves
 Seasoning

1 cup mashed potatoes
 2 tablespoons butter
 2 tablespoons flour
 1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Press the cloves into the onion and drop it into milk. Heat to scalding point and add potatoes. Blend flour and butter and gradually stir into the milk and potato mixture. Cook for about 10 minutes. Remove the onion, add parsley and seasoning and serve with croutons.

Potatoes and Corn Beef

2 cups, cold boiled
 Potatoes in skins
 2 cups corn beef
 3 tablespoons cream
 1 tablespoon minced onion
 Seasoning

Cut potatoes in small cubes—do not remove skins. Chop corn beef. Place meat in frying pan, add potatoes, cream and seasoning. When steaming hot place under flame, until brown on top—then fold in two like an omelette and serve at once.

Sweet Potatoes

The sweet potato, like the white potato, is said to be a native of South America, but according to botanists they do not belong to the same family, although there is a general resemblance.

The sweet potato, as the name would indicate, is sugary and when cooked "ex-

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The Essentials of Public Speaking

[Continued from page 275]

you want to know about the law, listen to judges; if you want to know about theology, listen to the clergy.

Now, if you will make a conscientious study of this process of conveying information to people, of entertaining and interesting them, and of persuading them, then you have found the secret of success in speaking. Your next step is deliberately to systematize your findings. Note how effective speakers make abstractions concrete; how they vary the emphasis; how they gesture; how they shift from one less successful means of persuasion to a better one; how they use humor, or sarcasm, or pathos; how they play upon prejudices or appeal to the highest motives. As you detect these human tactics, then deliberately plan a conversation on various topics that you recognize as material for sensible conversation.⁵ Inveigle your friends into such an experiment, so that you may test your skill.

But this is not quite the whole process. An alert conversationalist listens carefully, so that he may answer directly and forcefully. You must keep in mind the other side of the question, in order to support your own position adequately.

Informal conversation is often too rambling, too prolix, too frequently interrupted to serve as the exact mould for your public presentation—but it is correct in spirit. The form merely needs more conciseness, the heightening of every element by assured technic. In essence, the formalized public speech is only conversation amplified, refined, and ennobled according to the demands of the public occasion.

It is always well to perfect your technic by constructive criticism as you proceed with your speech experiments. This type of criticism may be had frequently from a congenial friend, a sympathetic teacher, an interested professional acquaintance, such as your lawyer, doctor, preacher or banker, each according to the field in which he

is most expert. Such critics, when merely engaged in conversation upon some particular topic which you are quietly investigating, will often render a valuable, though unconscious, service to the prospective speaker.

FROM this study of informal conversation and from deliberate arrangement of conversational matter, proceed to seek opportunities to put your newly acquired skill into practical service. Remember few beginners are sought after as speakers. Make your own first opportunities, then others will follow. Seek channels of speech service in church, in school, in your general community life. You need never allow yourself to be taken entirely unawares, because you are constantly preparing against the day of your opportunity. You are thinking and reading about those topics which your social group is likely to want to discuss, you are introducing those matters into daily conversation, you are watching for the group reaction, you are estimating public opinion, you are deliberately and logically arranging your ideas, and information on those current and critical themes.

After following such a common-sense process, the making of a public speech provokes no violent change in your mental or emotional state; it merely changes your informal to a more formal conversational style, the degree of the change naturally depending upon the nature of the speech occasion.

Summary

SPEAKING can not, by its very nature, appeal to the frivolous and thoughtless. But to those who are ambitious to increase their influence in the community, it is an inexhaustible source of power. For such people the methods described here are a safe path to success, and the steps outlined will appeal strongly to their practical judgment. Mental discipline and exertion, physical stamina and emotional honesty are all demanded. The sign posts are clearly marked but you must propel yourself.

⁵An excellent example will be found in The Forum, Aug. 1930, p. 116. The Chair of Evil by Cora Harris, Hamilton Holt, Irving Bacheller and others.

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